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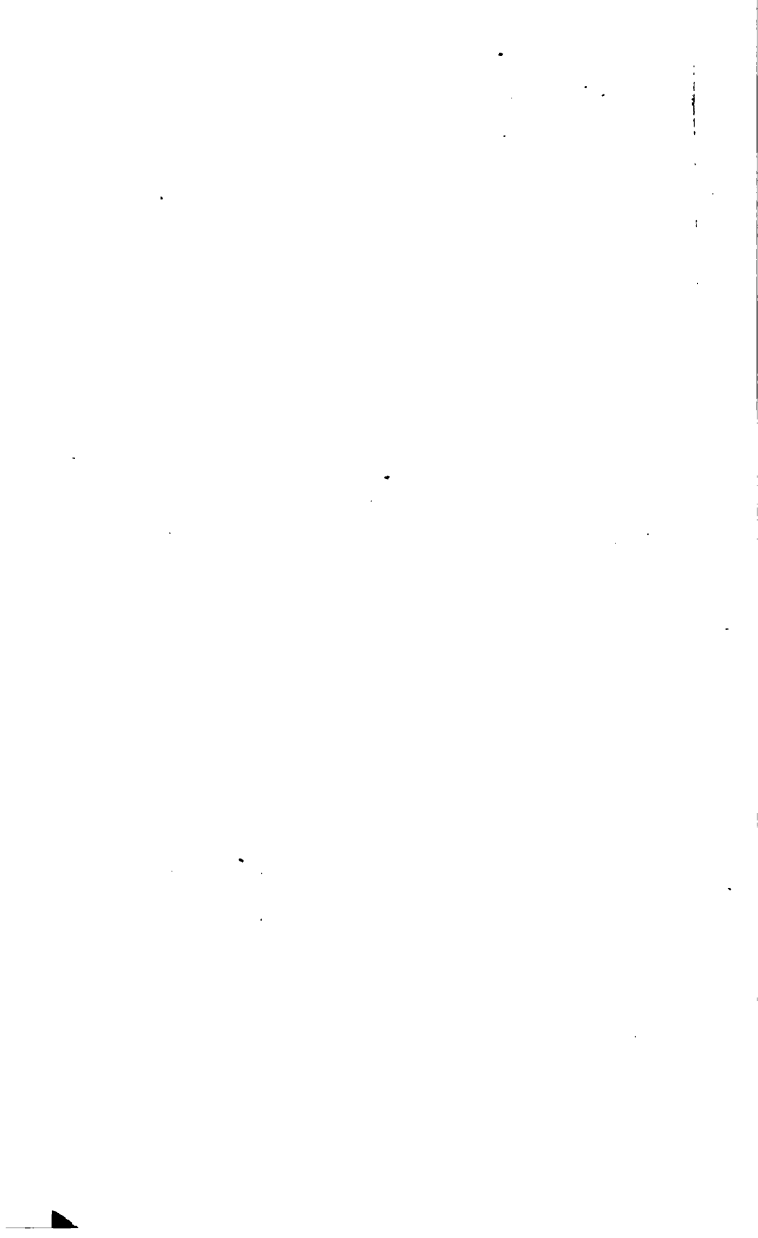
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Learning Made Pleasant.

A FIRST BOOK FOR CHILDREN.

BY

FRANCESCA HENRIETTA WILSON.

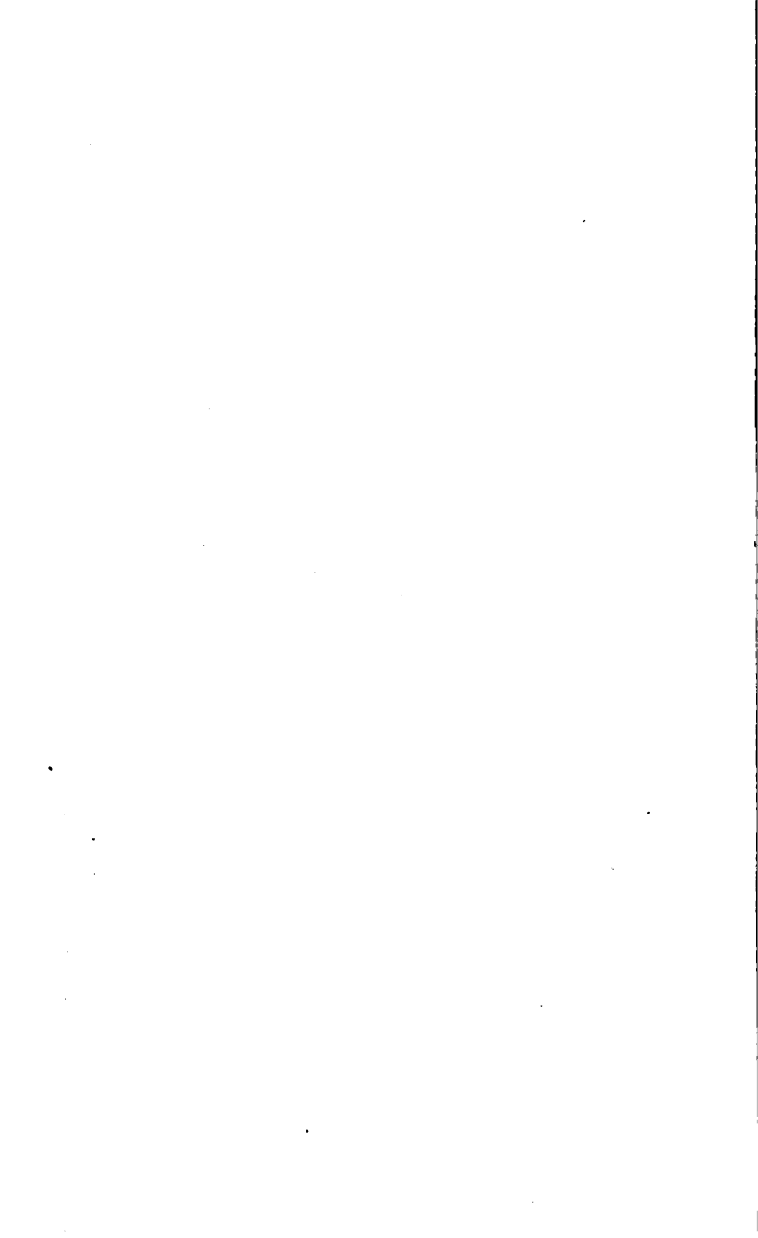


LONDON:

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1870.

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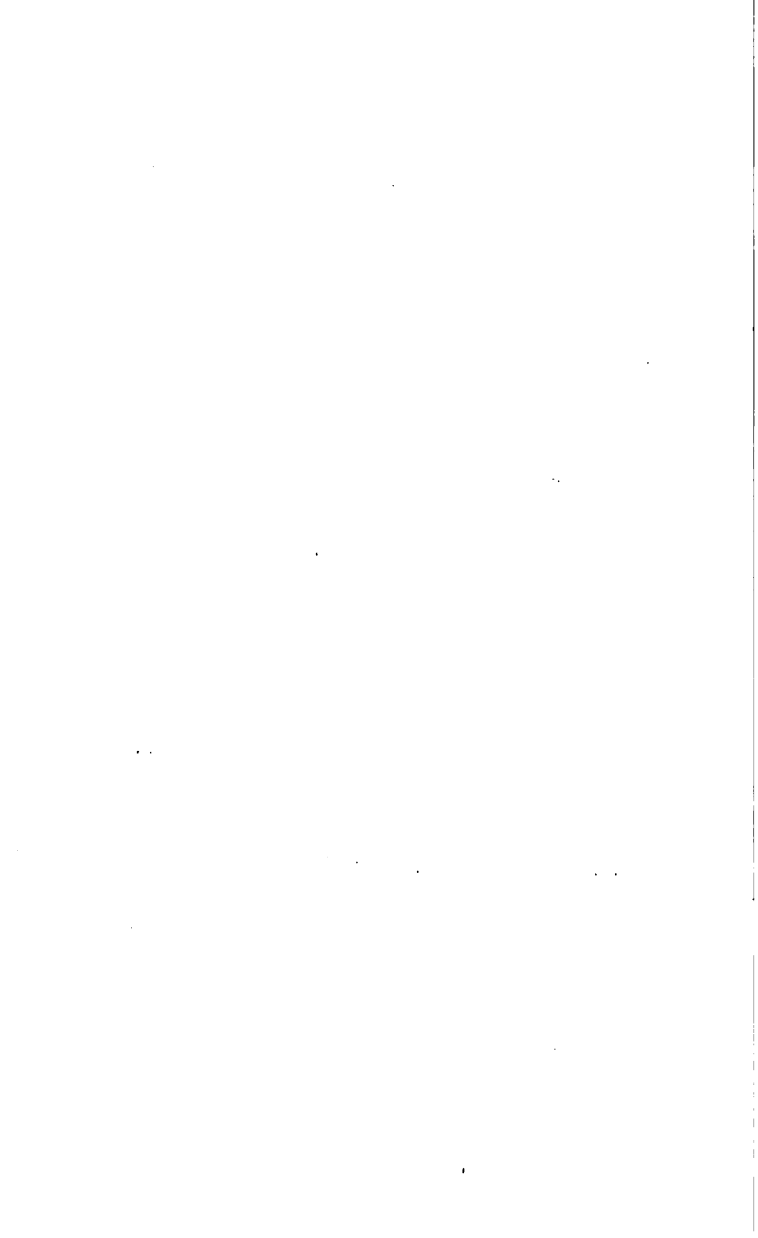
TO

Her Dear Children

BY

FRANCESCA HENRIETTA WILSON.

Alveston, August, 1870.



PREFACE.

WHILE submitting this little work to the public, I think it well to say a few words as to its objects.

I have striven to introduce the greatest possible number of three-lettered words, bringing them in several times over in their different senses. Also, I have thought it a good plan to give them alphabetically, with and without capitals. Very often, in teaching my own children, I have found the want of this; as many a word which they knew perfectly well in small letters, they would be quite puzzled at on seeing it with a capital.

I feel sure all teachers will find the common words being printed separately of great use. It is intended that the little pupils should learn to know these at sight before they begin to read the "Sentences of words not exceeding three letters," the "Easy readings in words not exceeding four

letters," or the "Stories in words not exceeding five letters." When once they know these common words by sight, they learn to read doubly quick; and on meeting those words, as they will over and over again, they are delighted to find that they know them, the words appearing like old friends, and greatly encouraging them to take pains. It will be seen that most of the easy readings and stories contain good moral and often religious teaching. I greatly hope that the dear little ones who in the future may amuse themselves with "Learning made Pleasant," while learning to read, may also be led to think of higher things. Most deeply thankful should I feel if this book could be the means of drawing even one precious soul nearer to the loving Saviour, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

FRANCESCA HENRIETTA WILSON.

Alveston, August, 1870.

LEARNING MADE PLEASANT.



Alphabet in Capitals.

A	E	I	M	Q	U	Y
B	F	J	N	R	V	Z
C	G	K	O	S	W	
D	H	L	P	T	X	

Alphabet in Small Letters.

a	e	i	m	q	u	y
b	f	j	n	r	v	z
c	g	k	o	s	w	
d	h	l	p	t	x	

Alphabet in Capitals.—*Arranged Promiscuously.*

X	K	G	W	V	Z	T
N	S	D	M	P	Q	E
F	U	J	B	C	H	
A	O	R	L	I	Y	

Alphabet in Small Letters.—*Arranged Promiscuously.*

d	g	k	l	v	c	q
j	x	s	h	p	z	m
r	n	b	t	f	w	y
a	e	i	o	u		

Words of Two Letters.

Ah!	Do	Me	Ox
Am	Go	My	So
An	He	No	To
As	If	Of	Up
At	In	Oh!	Us
Be	Is	On	We
By	It	Or	Ye

ah!	at	go	is	no	or	up
am	be	he	it	of	ox	us
an	by	if	me	oh!	so	we
as	do	in	my	on	to	ye

Readings in Words of not more than Two Letters.

An ox	Ye go in	Of an ox
By it	By an ox	As we do
As we go	If I go	To do so
Be it so	Do ye so	Up to it
To be in	Up, or in	At my ox
Am I so?	In we go	Is he in
Up we go	It is up	Go to it

Go on, do	Is it I ?	Ye do so
Is it up ?	No, I do	On an ox
It is I	So be it	On or up

Oh ! I am so	At me it is
Ah ! it is it	If I am up
He is of us	Oh ! do go in
Of it, or us	Ah ! so he is
It is to us	In me it is
He is to go	Is it to go ?
Go as we do	No, it is he
Is it to be ?	Do as I do
It is to go	Do we go on

Am I to go in ?	Am I to go on ?
Is it to go on ?	So I am to go
We go on by it	We go up to it
Ah me ! it is he	He is to do it
No, it is to me	Ah me ! is it so ?
So am I on it	Oh ! it is an ox
I am to go up	In it, or on it
As it is to be	If I am to do so
An ox is by it	He, or we go to it
By me it is so	If it is to be so
My ox is to go	He is to go in it
On it, or in it	It is he on my ox
Is he to go in ?	As we go up to it
Do go up to it	Am I to be in it
If he is in it	Is he to go, or am I ?
Oh ! he is on it	I am to be, so is he

Common Words of Three Letters to be Known at Sight.

The	How	Too	But	Any
Has	Yes	Was	And	She
For	Not	All	Yet	Mr.
Can	Now	Her	Why	Mrs
Had	Are	His	Nor	
Our	Did	Him	Its	
You	Who	May	Let	

The same without Capitals.

his	why	are	how	for
her	yet	she	yes	did
all	had	its	you	him
was	and	can	has	not
but	too	now	the	nor
may	who	any	our	let

Other Words of three Letters.

Add	Age	Ago	Aid	Ail
Aim	Air	Ale	Ant	Ape
Apt	Ark	Arm	Art	Ask
Ass	Ate	Awe	Axe	Bad
Bag	Bar	Bat	Bay	Bed
Bee	Beg	Bib	Bid	Big
Bit	Bog	Bow	Box	Boy
Bud	Bun	Buy	Cab	Cap

Car	Cat	Cod	Cot	Cow
Cry	Cub	Cup	Cut	Dab
Day	Den	Dew	Die	Dig
Dim	Din	Dip	Dog	Dot
Dry	Due	Dye	Ear	Eat
Ebb	Eel	Egg	Elm	End
Eve	Eye	Fan	Far	Fat
Fed	Few	Fib	Fig	Fir
Fit	Fix	Fly	Fog	Fox
Fry	Fun	Fur	Gap	Gas
Gay	Get	Gig	God	Got
Gum	Gun	Ham	Hat	Hay
Hen	Hew	Hid	Hip	Hit
Hob	Hop	Hot	Hug	Hut
Ice	Ill	Ink	Inn	Jam
Jar	Jaw	Jay	Job	Joy
Jug	Key	Kid	Lad	Lag
Lap	Law	Lay	Led	Leg
Lid	Lie	Lip	Log	Lop
Low	Mad	Man	Map	Mar
Mat	Men	Met	Mew	Mix
Mob	Mop	Mow	Mud	Mug
Nag	Nap	Nay	Net	New
Nod	Nun	Nut	Oak	Oat
Odd	Off	Oil	Old	One
Out	Owe	Owl	Own	Pan
Pap	Pat	Paw	Pay	Peg
Pen	Pet	Pew	Pie	Pig
Pin	Pit	Pop	Pot	Put
Rag	Ram	Ran	Rat	Raw

Ray	Red	Rid	Rip	Rob
Rod	Rot	Row	Rub	Rug
Run	Sad	Sap	Sat	Saw
Say	Sea	See	Set	Sew
She	Sip	Sir	Sit	Six
Sin	Sky	Sly	Sob	Son
Sop	Sow	SpY	Sty	Sum
Sun	Tap	Tea	Ten	Thy
Tie	Tin	Tip	Toe	Top
Toy	Try	Tub	Tug	Two
Urn	Use	Van	Vex	Wag
War	Wax	Way	Web	Wed.
Wee	Wet	Wig	Win	Woe
Won	Yam	Yea	Yew	Yon

The same Words without Capitals.

add	age	ago	aid	ail
aim	air	ale	ant	ape
apt	ark	arm	art	ask
ass	ate	awe	axe	bad
bag	bar	bat	bay	bed
bee	beg	bib	bid	big
bit	bog	bow	box	boy
bud	bun	buy	cab	cap
car	cat	cod	cot	cow
cry	cub	cup	cut	dab
day	den	dew	die	dig
dim	din	dip	dog	dot
dry	due	dye	ear	eat

ebb	eel	egg	elm	end
ere	eve	eye	fan	far
fat	fed	few	fib	fig
fir	fit	fix	fly	fog
fox	fry	fun	fur	gap
gas	gay	get	gig	got
gum	gun	ham	hat	hay
hen	hew	hid	hip	hit
hob	hop	hot	hug	hut
ice	ill	ink	inn	jam
jar	jaw	jay	job	joy
jug	key	kid	lad	lag
lap	law	lay	led	leg
lid	lie	lip	log	lop
low	mad	man	map	mar
mat	men	met	mew	mix
mob	mop	mow	mud	mug
nag	nap	nay	net	new
nod	nun	nut	oak	oat
odd	off	oil	old	one
out	owe	owl	own	pan
pap	pat	paw	pay	peg
pen	pet	pew	pie	pig
pin	pit	pop	pot	put
rag	ram	ran	rat	raw
ray	red	rid	rip	rob
rod	rot	row	rub	rug
run	sad	sap	sat	saw
say	sea	see	set	sew
sin	sip	sir	sit	six

shy	sky	sly	sob	son
sop	sow	spy	sty	sum
sun	tap	tea	ten	thy
tie	tin	tip	toe	top
toy	try	tub	tug	too
urn	use,	van	vex	wag
war	wax	way	web	wed
wee	wet	wig	win	woe
won	yam	yea	yew	yon

Easy sentences of words not exceeding three letters.

May I ?	New fur	Why not ?
You may	The bed	Its leg
I can	A dog	Add up
Can you ?	An ass	Air it
Go out	Has she ?	An ant
Get in	Was it ?	The key
Let me	Not now	His hat
She may	The sea	How bad !
He can	I saw	Her toe
I see	A pig	The ink
She saw	His paw	An ice
You sat	My eye	A rat
Sit up	The cod	The bat
Run out	How red	The ash
Fly off	A den	A man
The sun	The hut	How sad !
His cat	Her pen	Our bag
Her pew	His pan	My son

My mug	Sew it	One, two
Be off	Cut it	My arm
Our can	She saw	Bad jam
The top	He ran	Old net
A hen	An elm	Too wet
An egg	A fir	How sly!
The fox	My box	Eat it
Two men	Her leg	The mat
His cow	For him	A few
A jar	Had you?	She hid
My lad	An oak	Buy it
How hot!	Yes, do	My cap
Her boy	How now?	The cot
A tub	Not so	An axe
His rod	Now see	A cup
An owl	Are you?	Dig it
My toy	Did he?	A bee
The bar	A rug	Oil it
Her bib	Rub it	Our own
The eve	Bad tea	The mud
Ask her	The tap	Pay me
Dip it	A sum	Mix it
A dot	A sty	My lip
Dye it	Who won?	The lid
An ear	Rip it	Her jaw
Fan me	The sop	A bog
A gun	His wig	The gas
The ham	Run off	A war
His van	The sky	Our map
The wax	How odd!	The ale

A fig	The sea	My nag
The fog	A ray	I ate
My gig	Raw egg	An oak
The gum	A rag	The hay
An urn	A pit	My lap
The way	Our pie	Our sow
Tie it	A nun	Any day
The tip	Too old	The end

How are you ?

You are bad

He was out

Let me see

She is bad

Sit by me

Get my pen

Go in now

He is bad

We are ill

Has he it ?

Can I see ?

It is his

Now I may

Did she sit ?

One and two

Let her run

Can you see

I am not

Pin it on

You are hot

He is ill

So is she

She was in

Go out now

Are you ill ?

May we go ?

Not to-day

We are sad

You may go

Who was she ?

Do not rob

Had she it ?

Yes or no

He got off

Was he sad ?

All for you

An old rag

Mow the hay

A mad dog

A bay nag

An old man

Do not beg
You, nor I
Bid him go
Add up now
Try the key
Ask him now
May I aim?
A fox ran
Box and key
It is hot
A gay cap
A new wig
A mud hut
Let him run
You may try
Any one may
On my lap
Try and sew
It was fun
Go to bed
Sit up now
I am wet
She can sew
A new cap
An old fan
His new gun
A big boy
A new rug
My own rod
An old nun

Buy a net
Do not cry
A few men
Dry the rag
A raw egg
A big nut
It is far
A tea cup
My new top
I was led
Eat a pie
The old elm
Rub the cot
I owe you
A tin box
The big tub
A gum pot
A fat pig
Pay her now
Rip it off
Rub it on
A raw ham
Can you mow?
Fur is hot
The cow ran
A new toy
A sly fox
Our own pew
Sit up so
Ask him now

I see ice
My big map
The fat ox
Do not sob
His old hat
She saw him
I saw you
You saw her
My old urn
He hit her
Amy is ill

Tom is bad
Eat a bun
Run off now
Do not hop
Ink may dry
I am sad
A mad man
Her gay bow
An old hen
Ida is out
May he run?

Our lad is sad
You are too bad
Yes, you may go
How do you do?
Do not go in
Now I am off
Are we to hop
Did the cat die?
Is the jam bad?
I am so sad
He is not ill
We are to run
You are to hop
The hat is new
Has he a dog?
The gum is dry
It is for you
Can I go out?

Ask him to go
May I see it?
Put on her hat
Let me see you
Its leg is off
Add one to two
How old is she?
Her age is ten
The air is hot
An ant bit me
A bit of ice
The lad is sly
His top is old
My hat is off
Did you see me?
The hen ran out
Why do you cry?
His eye is red

He has a cat
She ate it up
All are my men
Her arm is cut
My dog is old
A jar of jam
The tub is wet
The net is dry
She is too ill
I am of use
May I wed you?
Tom has a son
Ned is his boy
Run and see him
I saw the fly
Say, may I go?
Get me a pin
Did the hen die?
The cow is fed
My toy is old
Try and sit up
Did he rob her?
She had a fit
May I eat now?
The bed is hot
The mat is new
I hid for fun
The egg is bad
Buy me an axe
I go at eve

Her toe is bad
She met two men
The man hit me
It is red ink
It is my own
Do pat the dog
How odd you are!
Gas is of use
A can of oil
Can her dog beg?
We are to die
An old oak box
The kid was led
My dog is fat
Let the cat lap
Get rid of him
Tie up the ox
Get in the van
Can he not see
He was not in
How old are you?
May we see her?
The sun has set
How wet it is
I ate an eel
The pie is hot
I see a rat
He saw a bat
Let her go on
Her lip is cut

The ham is bad
Do fan me Dan
The gun is his
Fry it for me
I see a gig
A cup of tea
Add up the sum
I won the day
It is my mug
Rub off the mud
Was she in bed?

Get me a bag
Do not eat it
Rub in the oil
Do not ask her
You are a pet
He is too shy
Bob fed my kid
Pay the man now
Sip the hot tea
Dye the rug red
A new tin mug

Get out of the way
Why do you go now?
It is not for you
Do not aim at me
The key of the box
The cat is my pet
Bid him go to bed
It is a wet day
The cup is for Sam
The wax is for me
Gum it on for me
Why do you vex me?
I ran all the way
I saw a mad dog
Do not cut the hay
She is not up yet
The lad is my son
Do as you are bid

Who was in the gig?
You can not go yet
Any of us may go
My arm is so bad
I do not see Ben
The cat has a rat
The pot has a lid
Put oil in the tin
The jug is not new
I fed his dog "Bob"
Get a bit of rag
Sir Tom is at sea
Did you see the owl?
The cod is not bad
He lay on the bed
Did you hew the fir?
You may go any day
Mix it in the cup

Put it on the hob
Why do you do so?
The sun is not hot
I see but one peg
Put her in bed now
All the jam is bad
Use my pen and ink
Ned has a new gun
His arm is so red
Fy! why do you cry?
Pat my old dog Ben
My hat is too old
My God is my aid
Put her in the cot

Get me the tin box
I can not say why
I did not ask him
Do not let her go
Get me the red ink
Can you eat an egg
Tie up the rag bag
The pap is too hot
I can pay you now
A rat ate my bun
Let me go out now
I see a few men
Amy has a new pen
How sly you are, Sam

The pig is in the sty
My cap is in the cab
I saw a bat at eve
I can not run so far
I did not see the fox
Ask him to go for you
May he lie on the mat?
Is the rat in my box?
I am too old to hop
My big toe is so bad
He did not mow the hay
Our cow is not ill now
An owl is in the oak
Who saw her put it on?
The war is at an end

The sea is not far off
Let him be put to bed
I do not see her bib
The key is in the box
How sad you are, my lad
Do not sit on the box
Do not rob her of it
Am I to buy a cow?
I can not eat any pie
Try not to be so shy
A bee is on my arm
Get me a nut or two
Sew on the bow for me
Let the kid be fed now
My wig has dew on it

Put a dot to the i Our pay is due to day
Did you see him die ? No Can you rip it off ? Yes
Let the dog lap it up Sop the pap in the mug

I can sow, and he can dig
See the sky ! how red it is !
I saw a mud hut one day
I had a hot pie to eat
The bib is for you, my pet
Get a bud, or two, for Amy
I do not see any web now.

Let Ida fan me, I am so hot
Tom has the key of the cap box
A few men can mow all my hay
Put the oil in the cup for Ann
The wax and the gum are my own
Tim, let the kid lie in the hay
The dog was fed by Dan, at two
Do not vex me so, you bad boy !
I can see the sun on the sea
Go and lie on my bed, my Amy !
Put the cup and the jug by me
How sad it is to be at war !
My nag has not *one* oat to eat
See ! a fly is on his bad toe
My Eva is ill ; I am so sad

How old are you ? My age is ten, sir
My wig is off, put it on for me

My new hat has a red bow on it
She had an ice, a bun, and a fig
I ran to mix the pap for Ida May
It is our pew, as we pay for it
Tom and I saw a bog not far off
Tap, and see if she is in or not
Who led the pig to the sty? I did
Did the pig die? No, but he was ill.
I saw a few of the men far off
She can rip it, and I can sew it
Her dog is so shy; did you see him?
My hat is off, tie it on for me
My cat can say "Mew," and so can I
Now cat! say "Mew," and do as I bid you
The eel is not for her, but for him

The gas is low; put it up for me, Joe!
Ned has a new hat! How did he get it?
Why do you vex me? do as you are bid
Do not aim at any one; put by the gun
See! a fly is in the web. So it is!
The oat bag is far off, by the old oak
I can add up any sum, and so can you
Rub my arm for me, Bob; an ant bit me
A jay can fly, and a bat can fly too
Go and ask Meg to buy me a new net
Sam is apt to be sad on a wet day
Did you see the sun to day? Yes, I did
Sin is in all of us; in you, and in me
Let the jug be put in the gig for Sam

An ant was on his arm, and it bit him
See the fly on the box ; its leg is off

Tom had the big rod, and hit me on my hip
The pen is bad, and the ink too dry to use
Bid Ann to tie the cow to the end of the car
To lie is a sin, and to rob is a sin
Buy a cot for the old man and pay for it
The axe, to cut up the log, was in the pit
In the den we saw a fox, and he ran out
My Ned is sad, as he can not see Ida Low
It is joy to win, and Tom has won a map
It is so odd to see you sip at the tea
Say " Mew," my cat, and you say " Bow wow,"
my dog !

May Tim hew the fir log for me ? Yes, he may
My top is new ; is it not gay ? Yes it is
See, the gas is out ; ask Job to let it on
Why do you nod so ? I did not get my nap
You met her one day ; did you bow to her ? Yes
How shy Ann is ! Yes, she is shy, and sly too
Run and get me a pin, and a bit of wax
Let us try not to sin, as God can see us
Can you dye my wig for me ? Yes, I can, sir
Did you run far ? Yes, I ran and met the gig
I am apt to be ill if I eat an egg
Who hid the pen and ink in my box ? I did
She did not win the fan ; but he won the rod
Now, my Eva, you may go and sit by the yew
The gun box is on the top of the oat bin

The ink is apt to get dry on a hot day
Not a ray of the sun can get in the pit

The hen and her egg are not for you, but for Bob
If you cry, you are not to get an ice, my pet
Now, my boy, I am to fix the gun in the box
See, the mat is all wet ; use the mop to dry it
The pen and ink are fit now for any one to use
I saw a man one day who was led by a boy
Did you see Sam aim at the elm ? No, I did not
Get me the gum pot ; it is in the tin box
The rug is wet ; put it out in the sun to dry
Put a rag on his toe, and dip it in the tub
I see a bee in the van ; do get rid of it.
Do not tug and hug my pet so ; it may vex him
Put on her bib now, as she has to get her pap
The tip of his ear is cut. Is his lip cut ? No
Fix the tap in the tub, and put a jug by it
Lop off the top of the fir, it is in the way
Do not beg me to go, it is of no use now
She sat on my lap, and I let her sip my tea.
Put the ham, and the wax, and the gum in the van
Can I see the bib now ? It is too big by far
I beg you to do as I ask ; do not say "nay"
Did you see a fox run by our sty ? Yes, I did
Is the bud out yet ? Yes, it is not a bud now

The air is not so hot as it was. No, it is not.
It was a fib to say the fan was not in the box.
Do not put the cat on the bed, put her on the rug.

I may get wet by the fog if I go out in it.
See, the new mat has mud on it. Oh! do rub it off.

The hob is too low for me to put the pan on it.
You may go in the cab to see her. No, I can run.

Did she beg you not to go in the van? Yes, she did.

I am off to buy a new pen and a jar of ink.
The dew is dry now; you may go out, and run, and hop.

Can an owl lay an egg? Yes, an owl can lay an egg.

Why was the kid put out in the fog? He has got wet.

May I buy a map? Yes, if you can get a new one.

He has his due; he is to die in a day or two.
The man put the peg too low for any of us to use.
Ann has a gay fan; she can use it as it is hot
Rip the bow out of her hat, it is too gay for her.
Did his pet jay die? Yes, it did, it was sad for him.

How did you get the box? The box was hid in the bed.

Can you buy a ham, a jar of jam, and a cup for me?

Ida Cox got so wet, and so did I; but now we are dry.

She can sew, and I can net; and we are of use to her.

How sly Dan is, to buy a top, and not let me see it!

I sat on her bed, and was so sad to see her so ill.

Get rid of the yew, it is in the way; and the elm too.

The ass ate all the hay you put for our cow to lie on.

How sad it is to see Amy sob so! Amy, try not to cry.

Who won the mug? I won the mug. Did Ned win the gun? No.

Set the pot on the hob, Job, and put the lid on the pot.

How gay Bob is now! See the bud he has put in his hat!

Ask Ann her age? No, you may ask her; I can not do so.

The tub is all wet, you can not put it in the van yet.

Do not mix the hay I put for the cow, and for the ass.

Did the bud die? Yes, you cut it off, and the sap got dry.

Now do eat the bun; it is for you and Tom to eat now.

Who fed the pig? No one can say who it was fed the pig.

I saw two men on an ox one day, and a boy on an ass.

Did you or Dan hit me? No, I did not hit you, nor did Dan.

Do go and get my net for me, and let me put it on you.

How fat our jay is! Yes, but if she is too fat, she may die.

Ned was ill, and was not fit to eat the nut; so Ann ate it.

You are not to go out now, Eva, as the air is bad for you.

Let me get the hen for you to see; she is not a bad hen.

Lay Bob on the cot, and try not to hit his leg, or his toe.

Go to the inn, and ask for a pen and ink for me to use.

Amy is a wee dot, is she not? Yes, and you are a big boy.

Fix on a day for Ann and Joe to go, and do not say "nay."

The sky is not so red as it was, is it? No, it is not.

I saw a mad man one day; it was so sad to see him mad.

Sit on my lap now, and let me see you eat the fig, my pet.

Aim up in the air, but do not aim at any man or any boy.

The dog is not of any use to you ; may I buy him ? Yes, do.

An ant is on the tip of my ear ; do get it off for me.

Run and see if Tom has his fur cap on. Yes, he has it on.

Now, why are you so shy, my boy ? Go and sit on the mat by Jim.

May I fry an eel for you to eat ? No, I can not eat an eel.

How is it you are ill to day ? I can not say why I am ill.

Why do you not pay me for the bar ? I do not owe you for it.

How sly of Bob to run off and not say he had to go to Box.

You say you are ten, my boy. Why, you are as old as my pet, Ida.

It is not a wet day, is it ? The sun is out, and it is hot.

May I pay for the new mug ? Yes. Is it now my own ? Yes, it is.

Put my fur cap up on the top peg ; fur is too hot for me now.

A cup of tea is on the box for you ; sip it, as it is hot.

I saw a man in a bog one day, the mud was up to his hip.

Put my hat in the oak box, and his cap you may put on a peg.

May I not eat a bit of ice? No my boy, it is bad for you.

Let me see an urn; I may buy one, if I can pay for it now.

Do not let the key lie in the key bag, but put it in the box.

He is to go on the sea, to see Bob row in his new gig.

Tap the lid of the tin box, a bee is in it. It is out now.

Pay the man at the inn the sum you owe him for the new tin mug.

Tie a rag on his arm; he cut his arm and his hip in the gig.

Sir Tom Law is off to the war. Oh, yes, he is to go at six.

I can see his gun in the gig; but my own gun I do not see.

The ox I saw at Ayr was so fat! As fat as our cow? Oh, yes.

How is it the new bow you put on my cap has oil on it now?

How hot it is, my boy! Yes, it is so hot I can not do my sum.

I can add one to six, and I can add two to ten. Can Tom add up?

May I go out and eat a nut? Yes, but do not get wet by the dew.

A big rat is in the oak box. Did you see it go in? Yes, I did.

May she get a bit of ice out of the ice box for me? Yes, she may.

May we sit in his pew at Loo? No, let us get a pew of our own.

Was it not hot a day or two ago? Yes, but now it is not so hot.

Get the cup of tea, and put it in the pot on the hob to get hot.

It is sad I can not see to sew; but I can net, and I can dye.

The axe is of no use to you; may I buy it, and pay you for it?

Can you see the men now? No, all is dim, I can not see for the fog.

Let me see the new bag, Ned? No, it is not fit for you to see yet.

May I get the bay nag for you? Nay, my boy; let Job get me the nag.

Our pew is too big for us; may I ask Amy and Tom to sit in it?

Bob is a bad boy; he hit Ann on her jaw, and now she can not eat.

Did you bid for the nag? No, I did not, it was Tom who bid for him.

Now Bob, put a dot to the j, and do not let the dot be too big.

Lop off a bit of the log? The log I cut a day or two ago? Yes.

Dip the end of the rag in the oil, and rub it on the lid of the box.

Did you say I was to use the jar, or the jug? I bid you use the jug.

I met Tom on my way to the sea, and he had a bad sty in his eye.

How did he get on? He had cod and pie to eat. It was not bad for him.

Do as I say, mix it in the cup, and let the boy put it in the jar.

Did you say I was to get the pan? Yes, I did; it is not on the hob.

It is too bad for a big boy as you are to cry to be put to bed.

Ida has a pet owl; it is fun to see it hop; but it can not fly yet.

Why are you so shy? Why do you not ask for an egg if you can eat one?

May I go out and dig? Yes, but do not run in the bog on the way out.

Tom Lee was out all day at the New Inn at Kew, and now he is so ill.

How can you say I owe it now? Did I not pay you a day or two ago?

How did you get at the pig? I got at him out by the tub in the gap.

Do not let on the gas yet, it is so hot ; but it may be lit at six.

Put the hat on the peg. No, I can not get at the peg, it is too far up.

I met an old man one day who was in a van, and he had a fur cap on.

Our dog sat on my bed, and ate a bun. How odd of the dog to eat a bun !

The big rat you saw in the oak box ate all the fat I put in the tin pan.

May I get an ice for you ? Yes, you can get two, one for me, and one for Mag.

May I put it in the mug ? Yes, but see to the cat, as she may lap it up.

Do get rid of the hut ; you can not see the sea, as the hut is in the way.

How red his lip is ? Did he hit it ? No, an ant bit it, and so it is red.

On his way to see Tom, he met a man who had cut the tip of his big toe.

Sop the bun in the tea, but do not put the cup to his lip, as the tea is hot.

He lay on his bed and ate an egg ; I fed him ; he was too ill to eat the ham.

See ! the fly is not in the web now. No, it is out of it ; how did it get out ?

Can you eat the pie ? No, my jaw is too bad ; but I can eat a fig if I may.

Did you see any one on the way? Yes, I met two men and a nun, in a cab.

The end of the rug has ink on it! How did it get on the rug? I can not say.

Did you say I was to get six men to mow, Sir? No, I did not say six, but ten.

Why do you not go up to bed? Go now, and do not sit on the bed, but get in, my boy.

A bee can fly, and so can a bat; but I can run, and use my top, and pen and ink.

Any one of you can get the urn; but let Ann and Ned get the mug and see to the tea.

If you do not do the sum you may not go out. Do not sob so; try to do the sum.

The log is now fit to be cut up, as its sap is not in it, and the log is dry.

Did you not say the age of Tom was two? Yes sir! He is a big fat boy for his age!

A red ant bit him on his hip. Did he cry? Oh no! he is too big a boy to cry.

See, the cat has a rat; how did she get it? It ran by her, as she lay on the mat.

Ask Jim to hew an elm log, and lay it by the fir, in the gap, for us to sit on.

Why is his eye so red? I can not say, but you may ask him why his eye is so red.

May she eat the eel, and I the ham? Yes, the eel is for her, and the ham is for you.

The hut had no one in it ; but a dog sat, and an old cat lay on a bit of mat.

Do not nod so my boy, go to bed and get a nap, and let Ann get you up at six.

I saw a pin on the mat ; may I go and get it for you, if I can see it now ?

Did she use the new urn at tea ? No, it was an old one I saw, and not the new urn.

I saw a mad dog at Ely as I sat in the van ; he ran by, and did not see me.

I see a man, and he has a gun. Is it his own ? No. May it not go off ? Yes, it may.

My pot and pan are in the box ; and his top and her net are in the bag on the top peg.

May I eat a raw fig ? Yes, my boy, it is not bad to eat a fig raw ; you may do so.

Mop up the wet on the mat for her, Tim ; it is joy to me to see you of use to her.

Did you see the new gun Dan has ? No ; may I go and see it ? No, my pet ; do not go now.

Did you eat the fat ? No, I cut it off and did not eat it, but I let the dog do so.

Is the dog ill now ? If so, do not let him be fed ; but let him lie on a bed of hay.

It is too bad of you not to go to Sam now. He did not ask me for two, but for six.

The pig is not in the sty ; I let him out, and he ran by the fir : but he is not far off.

Is it not hot for you to put on a wig ; Yes, it is hot, but the wig is of use to me.

I see a new top ; it is on the top of the tin box, and by it is the new axe for Jim.

Let me mow the hay. No, my lad, you can not mow the hay yet, but you may see the men do it.

My dog has cut his paw. Oh ! let me put a wet rag on it. Now mop up the wet on the mat.

I led his dog all the way to the old oak. Did you tie the dog up by the oak ? Yes I did.

Can you now say, Joe, who cut the yew ? No, I can not. Oh, my boy ! do not fib ; why do you so sin ?

Bob ate a raw egg one day. Did you see him eat it ? Yes ; and he ate the pie you put by for Dan.

May I put the cat in my lap ? No ; the dog bit her ear and her paw ; so let the cat go to her bed.

The leg is raw ; may I fry a bit for you ? No, let me see if you can cut me a bit off the top.

Dan is in the hut ; he put his bag and his rod in the hut one day, and now he can not see the bag.

Why do you not try to hop, as Tom did ? I cut my leg, and it is so bad, I am not fit to hop now.

Put on his hat and let him go out and get a run. No, he can not go out now, as the fog may wet him.

I saw a lad rob a boy of a bun, and eat it up ; was it not too bad of the lad to rob the boy ?

At two you are to get a pot of jam and a toy. The jam is for Ned, is it not? No, it is for you.

It is a dry hot day, so the men may cut the hay, and let Ann get a jug of ale for the men at one.

Do not let him cry and sob so; let him sit on her lap in the cab, and he can see the sky and the sea.

It is ten; why do you not go to bed? The bed is not fit for me to lie on yet, it is wet on the top.

Who was it hid the key of my new box in the red bag? It was I who hid the key in the red bag, for fun.

It was a sin to rob the nun; no one saw him rob her; but God saw him, and can see him and you and me now.

Did you rub any oil on the cot, Joe? Yes, I did, but it is not fit to lie on yet, as the oil is not dry.

How she did hug her boy! did she not? Yes, it was joy for her to see him, for Bob is not a bad son to her.

How gay Ann is to day! Yes, she is gay, as she is to go to see her son, and his lad, who are in the Inn at Ely.

A few of you ran by me as I sat by the elm, and not one of you saw me! It was so odd you did not see me.

I can not fib, and say you did not eat the fig; I saw you eat it all up, so do not ask me to say you did not.

May I go out and see if I can buy a cow for you? Yes, but I can not buy her if her age is six ; six is too old.

See, she has mud on her lap! How did the mud get on her lap? Our dog put his paw on her lap, and his paw had mud on it.

It is bad to be as sly as Tom is ; he hid the bun, and cut off the new red bud I saw ; and he did not say he did so.

A day or two ago I saw a nun, who sat by an old man who was ill in bed, and she was sad to see the old man so bad.

I saw a fat man in a cab at Box ; he had a wig on ; and he had a gun, and a big rod, and a bag put in the cab by him.

The hay is cut, my lad ; you can go and sit all day in the hay, and try to be of use to the men. Oh ! it is fun to be in the hay.

It is six now, Mr. Lee. May I get you a cup of tea? Yes ; but do not let the tea be too hot ; and get me the fan ; it is on the box.

How is it you put on her new hat, Ann? Did I not say the new hat was not to be put on on a wet day ! Go and put on her old one.

Did you ask for a pin to put in the bow of my hat? Yes, I did ; did you put the pin in the box, or in the bag? I put it in the old tin box for you.

I am to fry an egg or two, and get a cup of tea for her ; and you may get the ham and cut a bit for me to fry it ; and I can put the egg on it.

May I go up to the den? Yes; you may go and try if you can see to the far end of it. Can you see to the end? No, I cannot see far in, as it is all dim.

May I put the ass in the car; the sun and the air are so hot now? Yes, do; and on the way to Kew you may get a bow and a top for Sam, and a new toy for Amy.

See! a fox has run by us, and is now in the pit; can we get at him? No; we can not see him. Let one of us try to dig him out. Oh, no, it is of no use to try.

Do not rub her eye, for if you do her eye may get bad, and she may not be fit to go to see Tom. You can dip the rag in the cup and lay it on the eye; but do not rub it.

May I lie on his bed, and try to get a nap? Yes; but do get up at two; as, if you do not, you can not go to Box to buy the cod for me, and the kid, and the pup for old Joe.

I met a lad and a pig; and the lad hit the pig to get him to go on; but the pig lay in the mud, and the boy saw it was of no use to try to get him up, so he let him lie.

I saw a fox try to rob a man of a hen one day; but the man saw him, and the fox saw the man, and let the hen go. So, the fox did not eat the hen? No; did not I say the fox let her go?

May I go out to see the sun? No; do not go yet, as the sun is too hot. See! now it is low in

the sky. Yes so it is ; go out now, my son, and run, and hop ; but do not sit, or you may get ill.

Ask Dan to let you get the hay for him. Why am I to get it, Meg ? Dan is ill ; he has put his jaw out, and hit his toe, and can not run so far to get the hay for our cow : do go for him, my boy !

Common Words of Four Letters to be Known at Sight.

Also	Much	That	Unto	What
Been	Must	Them	Upon	When
From	Papa	Then	Very	Whom
Have	Some	They	Well	Will
Into	Such	This	Went	With
Most	Than	Thus	Were	Your

The Same without Capitals.

also	much	that	unto	what
been	must	them	upon	when
from	papa	then	very	whom
have	some	they	well	will
into	such	this	went	with
most	than	thus	were	your

Other Words of Four Letters.

Abba	Able	Ably	Ache	Acid
Acre	Adam	Afar	Aged	Ague
Airy	Ajar	Alas !	Ally	Aloe

Alms	Alum	Amen	Amid	Anew
Arch	Army	Atom	Aunt	Away
Babe	Baby	Back	Bade	Bake
Bald	Ball	Band	Bang	Bank
Bans	Bard	Bare	Bark	Barn
Base	Bass	Bask	Bath	Ball
Bead	Beak	Beam	Bean	Bear
Beet	Beef	Beer	Beat	Bell
Belt	Bend	Best	Bier	Bill
Bind	Bird	Bite	Bled	Blew
Blot	Blow	Blue	Boar	Boat
Body	Boil	Bold	Bolt	Bond
Bone	Bony	Book	Boon	Boot
Bore	Born	Both	Bowl	Brag
Bran	Brat	Bray	Bred	Brew
Brig	Brim	Brow	Buck	Buff
Bull	Bump	Bung	Buoy	Burn
Bury	Bush	Bust	Busy	Butt
Buzz	Cage	Cake	Calf	Calk
Call	Calm	Came	Camp	Cane
Cape	Card	Care	Cart	Case
Cash	Cask	Cast	Cave	Cell
Chat	Chew	Chid	Chin	Chip
Chit	Chop	City	Clad	Clap
Claw	Clay	Clip	Clod	Clog
Clot	Club	Clue	Coal	Coat
Coax	Cock	Coil	Coin	Coke
Cold	Colt	Coma	Comb	Come
Cone	Cook	Cool	Coop	Copy
Cord	Core	Cork	Corn	Cost

Cove	Crab	Crag	Cram	Crew
Crib	Crop	Crow	Cuff	Cull
Curb	Cure	Curl	Dame	Damp
Dane	Dare	Dark	Darn	Dart
Dash	Date	Daub	Dawn	Dead
Deaf	Deal	Dean	Dear	Debt
Deck	Deed	Deem	Deep	Deer
Defy	Dell	Deny	Desk	Dewy
Dial	Dice	Diet	Dine	Dint
Dire	Dirk	Dirt	Dish	Disk
Dive	Dock	Doer	Doll	Dolt
Dome	Done	Doom	Door	Dose
Dote	Dove	Down	Doze	Drab
Drag	Dram	Draw	Dray	Drew
Drip	Drop	Drug	Drum	Duck
Duel	Duet	Duke	Dull	Duly
Dumb	Dupe	Dusk	Dust	Duty
Each	Earl	Earn	Ease	Easy
East	Echo	Eddy	Eden	Edge
Else	Envy	Even	Ever	Evil
Ewer	Eyed	Eyes	Face	Fact
Fade	Fail	Fain	Fair	Fall
Fame	Fang	Fare	Farm	Fast
Fate	Fawn	Fear	Feed	Feel
Feet	Fell	Felt	Fern	Feud
Fife	File	Fill	Film	Find
Fine	Fire	Firm	Fish	Fist
Five	Fizz	Flag	Flap	Flat
Flaw	Flax	Flay	Flea	Fled
Flee	Flew	Flip	Flog	Flow

Flue	Foal	Foam	Foil	Fold
Folk	Fond	Font	Food	Foot
Foot	Ford	Fork	Form	Fort
Foul	Four	Fowl	Foxy	Fray
Free	Fret	Frog	Fuel	Full
Fume	Fund	Furl	Fury	Fuss
Gaze	Gain	Gait	Gale	Gall
Game	Gang	Gaol	Gape	Garb
Gash	Gasp	Gate	Gave	Gaze
Germ	Gift	Gild	Gilt	Gill
Gimp	Gird	Girl	Gift	Give
Glad	Glee	Glen	Glow	Glue
Glum	Gnat	Gnaw	Goad	Goal
Goat	Goer	Geld	Gone	Gong
Good	Gore	Gory	Gout	Gown
Gray	Grew	Grey	Grim	Grin
Grit	Grog	Grow	Grub	Gulf
Gull	Gulp	Gush	Gust	Hack
Hail	Hair	Hale	Half	Hall
Halo	Halt	Hand	Hang	Hard
Hare	Hark	Harm	Harp	Hart
Hash	Hasp	Hate	Haul	Hawk
Haze	Hazy	Head	Heal	Heap
Hear	Heat	Heed	Heel	Heir
Held	Hell	Helm	Help	Hemp
Herb	Herd	Here	Hero	Hide
High	Hill	Hilt	Hint	Hire
Hiss	Hive	Hoax	Hold	Hole
Holy	Home	Hood	Hoof	Hook
Hoop	Hoot	Hope	Horn	Hose

Host	Hour	Howl	Huge	Hulk
Hull	Hump	Hung	Hunt	Hurl
Hurt	Hush	Husk	Hymn	Idea
Idle	Idly	Idol	Inch	Inky
Iron	Isle	Itch	Item	Jack
Jail	Jerk	Jest	Jilt	Join
Joke	Jolt	July	Jump	June
Jury	Just	Keel	Keen	Keep
Kick	Kill	Kind	King	Kirk
Kiss	Kite	Kith	Knee	Knew
Knit	Knot	Know	Lace	Lack
Lady	Laid	Lain	Lair	Lake
Lamb	Lame	Lamp	Land	Lane
Lank	Lard	Lark	Lash	Lass
Last	Late	Lath	Lava	Lawn
Lazy	Lead	Leaf	Leak	Lean
Leap	Leek	Leer	Left	Lend
Lent	Less	Lest	Liar	Lick
Life	Lift	Like	Lily	Limb
Lime	Limp	Line	Link	Lint
Lion	Lisp	List	Line	Load
Loaf	Loan	Loch	Lock	Loft
Loin	Loll	Lone	Long	Look
Loom	Loop	Lord	Lose	Loss
Lost	Loth	Loud	Love	Luck
Lull	Lump	Lung	Lurk	Lute
Mace	Made	Maid	Mail	Maim
Main	Make	Male	Malt	Mane
Many	Mare	Mark	Mars	Mart
Mash	Mask	Mass	Mast	Mate

Maul	Maze	Mead	Meal	Mean
Meat	Meed	Meek	Meet	Melt
Mend	Mess	Mere	Mesh	Mice
Mild	Mile	Milk	Mill	Mind
Mine	Mint	Mire	Miry	Miss
Mist	Mite	Moan	Moat	Mock
Mode	Mole	Monk	Mode	Moon
Moor	Mope	More	Morn	Moss
Moth	Move	Mown	Muff	Mule
Muse	Musk	Nail	Name	Nave
Navy	Near	Neat	Neck	Need
Nest	News	Next	Nice	Nigh
Nine	None	Nook	Noon	Nose
Note	Noun	Numb	Oath	Obey
Odds	Ogle	Oily	Omen	Omit
Once	Only	Opal	Open	Oval
Oven	Over	Pace	Pack	Page
Paid	Pail	Pain	Pair	Pale
Palm	Pane	Pang	Pant	Pare
Park	Part	Pass	Past	Path
Pave	Pawn	Peak	Peal	Pear
Peat	Peck	Peel	Peep	Peer
Pelt	Part	Pest	Pick	Pier
Pike	Pill	Pine	Pink	Pint
Pipe	Pith	Pity	Plan	Plat
Play	Plea	Plod	Plot	Plug
Plum	Poem	Poet	Poke	Pole
Poll	Pomp	Pond	Pony	Pool
Poop	Poor	Pope	Pore	Pork
Port	Post	Pour	Pout	Pray

Prey	Prop	Puce	Puff	Pull
Pump	Pure	Purr	Push	Puss
Quit	Race	Rack	Raft	Rage
Rail	Rain	Rake	Rang	Rank
Rare	Rash	Rate	Rave	Read
Real	Reap	Reed	Reef	Reel
Rein	Rely	Rent	Rest	Rice
Rich	Ride	Rime	Rind	Ring
Ripe	Rise	Risk	Road	Roam
Roar	Robe	Rock	Rode	Roll
Romp	Roof	Rook	Room	Root
Rope	Rose	Rosy	Rove	Ruby
Rude	Ruin	Rump	Rule	Rung
Rush	Rust	Sack	Safe	Sage
Sago	Said	Sail	Sake	Sale
Salt	Sand	Sane	Sank	Sash
Save	Scab	Scar	Scud	Scum
Seal	Seam	Seat	Seed	Seek
Seem	Seen	Self	Sell	Send
Sent	Sewn	Sham	Shed	Shew
Shin	Ship	Shoe	Shop	Shot
Show	Shun	Shut	Sick	Side
Sift	Sigh	Sign	Silk	Sing
Sink	Size	Skim	Skin	Skip
Slab	Slap	Slay	Slew	Slip
Slit	Slop	Slow	Slug	Slur
Smut	Snap	Snip	Snow	Snug
Soak	Soap	Soar	Sock	Soda
Sofa	Soft	Soil	Sold	Sole
Solo	Song	Soon	Soot	Sore

Sort	Soul	Soup	Sour	Sown
Span	Spat	Spin	Spit	Spot
Spur	Stab	Stag	Star	Stay
Stem	Step	Stew	Stir	Stop
Stow	Stud	Stun	Suck	Suet
Suit	Sung	Sunk	Sure	Surf
Swam	Swan	Sway	Swim	Tack
Tact	Tail	Take	Talc	Tale
Talk	Tall	Tame	Tank	Tape
Tare	Tart	Task	Teal	Tear
Tear	Tell	Tend	Tent	Test
Text	Thaw	Thee	Thin	Thou
Tick	Tide	Tidy	Tile	Till
Time	Tiny	Tire	Toad	Toil
Told	Toll	Tomb	Tone	Took
Tool	Tope	Tore	Torn	Tory
Toss	Tour	Town	Trap	Tray
Tree	Trim	Trio	Trip	Trod
Trot	Troy	True	Tuck	Tuft
Tune	Turf	Turn	Tusk	Twig
Twin	Type	Ugly	Undo	Unit
Urge	Vain	Vale	Vary	Vase
Vast	Veal	Veil	Vein	Vent
Verb	Vest	Vice	View	Vile
Vine	Void	Vote	Wade	Waft
Wage	Wail	Wait	Wake	Wale
Walk	Wall	Wand	Want	Ward
Warm	Warn	Warp	Wash	Wasp
Wave	Wavy	Weak	Wear	Weed
Week	Weep	Wend	Wept	West

Whet	Whim	Whip	Wick	Wide
Wife	Wild	Wind	Wine	Wing
Wink	Wipe	Wire	Wise	Wish
Wolf	Wont	Wood	Wool	Word
Worm	Worn	Wrap	Wren	Yard
Yarn	Yawn	Year	Yell	Yoke
Yolk	Yore	Zeal	Zero	Zinc

Easy Readings in Words not exceeding Four Letters.

Aunt Ruth has such a dear babe ; her name is Lucy, she was born last June ; her hair is dark, her eyes are blue, and her feet are so tiny. She coos like a dove, and we are so fond of her, and like to have her on our laps and in our arms, as long a time as we may keep her. She does not cry when we talk to her, but is very good, and we love her so much. May God keep this dear babe, and make her His own for the sake of Him who died to save her.

“ Go, Jane, and put on your hat, and come for a nice long walk with me.” “ That I will, dear Papa ! I like to go out with you so very much. Here I am, Papa, now let us be off. May I take one of the buns Aunt gave me to poor John Cave ? He is ill, and may like a bun with his tea.” “ Yes do so, my dear ; it is nice to be able to give to the poor, and it is good for us to try our best to help them when they are sick, and to send or take them

good food to eat ; he may not have any tea, so if you like we will stop at the shop and buy him some."

"Ring the bell, my dear boy, and tell Mary to let us have tea at once. Now, Mary, put the urn here, so that I can make tea, for I am not able to get off my sofa ; I have hurt my foot and my knee. Now shut the door, and stir the fire, and put on a good log of wood to make it burn up. It is very cold, but I hope the nice warm fire and hot tea may make us warm, and we must eat some of the seed cake Cook made for us. Will you cut the cake, John ? But do not give me much, as I am not able to eat more than a tiny bit."

"Come here, Ruth," said Mrs. Ware to her maid. "I want you to go and buy me some meat in the town. You can go to Hunt ; do not let him give too much bone. I want a loin of veal, some beef to put in salt, a leg of pork, and a neck of lamb. You can also get a fowl, a duck, and a shin for soup. This will be a good deal of meat to get in at once, but I hope it will keep, as it is less warm to-day, also it is not so damp. Do not walk slow but come back as soon as you can, as I wish you to trim this new hat for Miss Eva to wear when she goes in the trap to York." "Very well, mam ! I will be home in an hour, or by four at any rate, for I have to curl Miss Eva's hair and wash her face and put her tidy to go with her papa."

“Now, Bob ; help Mary into the boat, and take Anna up in your arms, and put her down on this seat near me. That will do. It is now high time to push off the boat ; we can not wait any more for Lucy and Kate. They are very late, and the tide is on the ebb ; if we do not go soon, we may not be able to get out to sea, as the boat may get on the mud. Yes ; we have no time to lose. Jack must take an oar to help Bob to row. And you, Mark ! put up a sail ; the sun is gone down, and the moon will soon rise, and many a star will come out. How glad I am it will not get dark now the sun is gone away. It will be so nice to see the moon on the sea ; and we will ask Mark to sing us a song, and Bob and Mary may give us a duet, if they will be so kind.”

“I saw you go out, dear aunt Mary, with a book in your hand ; do tell me whom you went to see.”
“I went, Kate, to see old Mark Lane ; he is very ill, and is not able to get out of bed at all now ; I was glad to see him so full of joy in our dear Lord ; he said he did not mind the pain, and want of rest and ease, he had to bear it all ; as he knew full well all was sent by God in deep love to his soul ; and he said he was sure not one pain too many was sent, for that he had need of all to draw him to the Lord, and make him pray. ‘I lie here all day,’ he said, ‘and when I am too ill to read the Word, I pray the Lord to stay very near me, and let me rest on

Him and on His love for me, for I know He died to save me, and just such poor lost ones as I am ? ” ”

“ Did you read to him, and pray with him, aunt ? ”

“ Yes, my dear, I did both ; I read for half an hour, sang a hymn with him, and then went on my way to see a poor girl, who sent for me to go to her, as she is sad, and ill, and is in need of help.”

“ Oh, Lucy ! is it not nice ? the hay has been cut at East Mead Farm, and Mrs. Duke told me that you and I may go up and make hay if we like ; she will give us a hay fork each, she says, so that we may toss the hay the same as the men do ; and when we tire of that work we are to go into the farm and have tea.” “ That will be fun, Mark ! but the sun is so warm, I fear I can not bear much toil ; it will tire me very soon I know, so I will get the tale papa gave me, and will sit down and read it by the lime tree ; it is so nice to read in the open air.” “ Very well ; and I will fly my kite to rest my arms when I have made hay for an hour or two ; but as the wind is so high I may have hard work to hold the rope ; the kite will soar very high up in the air to-day ; I hope the cord will not snap. Do wait for me half an hour, Lucy, as a nail in my boot runs into my foot, and will make my heel sore if I do not take it out or beat it in. Oh ! yes, you must take care, as it is not easy to cure any part of the foot if it gets sore ; and the heel is less easy to heal than the ball or the top part of the foot.

Can you swim and dive, papa? Yes, my dear, I can do both, and some day, when you are a big boy, I must show you how to do so; you may then be able to save the life of some one, as I did not long ago. Oh! do tell me how it was, papa. One day I was on the bank of the lake and saw a man, who was near the edge, slip off, and drop into it; he was not able to swim, and I saw he was sure to sink if I did not go to his help; so I took off my coat and gave a jump in, and swam out to save the poor man. I soon had hold of him by the hair of his head just as he sank for the last time, and thus I was able to save his life. How glad his wife and twin sons must have felt that he had not died. The man was very ill for a few days, he took a bad cold; and, as one lung was weak, it laid him up for a long time. I had once the joy to save five men; they were in a brig, and, as a hard gale blew, and she ran on a rock, it did not take long for the sea to dash the brig to bits. Were any of the crew lost, papa? Yes, nine poor men sank not to rise till the sea will give up its dead; and then, I hope, dear boy, they will rise to meet the Lord with joy; and not with fear, such as all must feel, who do not look to or care for the Lord in this life.

John Hare has a kind papa who is very fond of him. He gave him a grey pony to ride, a week ago; and to-day, he gave him a new iron hoop; and a nice desk, with a good lock and key to it.

John, I know, does all that he can, in his turn, to help his papa ; when he sees him come home from his ride or walk, he runs down to the hall, and puts away his coat, and hat or whip, and gets his pipe and his book for him : then he will stir the fire and put some coal, and a log of wood on it ; and he does not talk much, as he sees his papa is busy. In fact, he does his best to be of use. When his papa has gout, he rubs his foot and will not hurt him, if he can help it. He will stay in the room so as to be near in case he may want him, and that he may be able to hear his call : he will go out, and pick a rose and a pink from the lawn, and a fern or two from the lane, and put them in a vase by his side. John Hare is full of love to his papa, and I wish all boys were as good as he is. The love and fear of God in the soul will ever make us seek to deny self and spur us on to do our duty, hard as it may seem to us to do so ; and it will make us do our best to ease the pain and care of all near and dear to us ; and not only of the ones we love but of all we meet.

Here is Lily Page come to dine with us John, dear ! Now, what are we to do ? and what can we play at ? Oh ! let us play hide and seek ; it is such a good game, when the day is as cool as this is ; for the heat is not as much as it was ; and then we will have a race, and I will tell you what I will do, Lily ; if you win the race, I will make you such a

nice gift. Oh! what can it be? I will give you my gold pen; and if you win, Mary, you may have my ball. Very well, John; but you may win the race, and if you do we must give you a gift from us; I will give you an oval cake of nice soap, and Lily must let you cut off a lock of her fine dark hair to keep for her sake. Well done Mary! What an idea!! You are a very wise lady, to know what I like best; so let it be. Oh! John what a pert boy you are to wink your eye at us in that way! do you know it is very rude to wink at a lady, Sir? Here is Jane; what does she want? You are to come in to dine, your Aunt says, Miss Mary; the fish and stew and rice will get cold if you do not come soon. What fish is it, Jane? It is cod, Miss Mary. I am glad it is cod, and not sole, as cod has less bone, and I cannot eat a bony fish. We must now go in, as our aunt says so. When our meal is over we can play hide and seek and have a game of "Wolf."

The rain has now gone off, so do let us walk up to the top of the hill, and sit on the rock; the sun has been out this hour past, and it is a pity to stay in when it is so nice and warm out, and we can take our work and a book with us. See how very calm the sea is; the wind may rise soon; but just now I see no sign of it. Do look at the sail in that boat, how it does flap to and fro; I am sure the crew must wish for some wind to let them sail home.

Two of the men have a net, but they do not seem able to find any fish. Do you see a ship a long way off, with a flag at her mast? Yes; she does not move, she also must wait for the wind to rise. What sort of boat is that near the land on the left side of the bay? She is a ship of war's gig and has ten oars; the man at the helm has told the crew to furl the sail, and can you not hear him call out to the men to pull hard? They mean to land in the cove. Yes, see! they undo a coil of rope, and now they lash the gig to a buoy, and only one man is to stay in the gig to take care of her. The rest have got out of the boat and gone up on the sand with the man who sat at the helm. The keel is half in the sea and half on the land, but as the gig is tied to a buoy, and a man is left in her, she will not slip back into the sea when the tide is high, and the tide may not rise for an hour or more; but we must work and read, and not gaze any more on the sea just now, as it is well not to be too idle.

“Oh, Ann! is it not nice? Dear papa says he will take me into town to buy a new cage for my bird. You know, Ann, mine is so old; it does not look well hung up in my room, so kind papa says he will get me a new one; and I am so glad, for all the gilt is worn off my old cage, for it has been in use a long time, and I have had it more than a year. Have I any seed left? or must I get some to day for my bird? He eats a good deal,

and the seed soon goes ; it does not last long, so will it not be best for me to get some more ?” “ Yes, Miss Kate, you will want some in a day or two, so you may as well buy it ; and will you be so kind as to get me a nice rag doll to give the dear baby ? Rag will be the best kind of doll for a baby, will it not ? She may drag and pull at it all day and not hurt it ; and I am sure she will be very glad when she sees it ; you must look out for one with a nice face and dark hair, and I have a tiny pink silk hat to put on it.” “ Oh, Ann ! how glad I am I have so much to do in town ! Amy says I am to get her a yard of lace, and a yard and a half of gimp, and a note book ; I do like to be able to buy when I go into a shop, and now I have a good deal to do ; so I must put on my hat and my warm cape, as it is very cold out, and get into the fly as fast as I can, so that dear papa may not have to wait for me ; it is a pity to be late when it is easy to be in time.”

How the rain does pour to day, and what a mist is over the sea ! We can not see out into the gulf at all. The men on the pier look so cold and wet ; I am glad I have not to be out such a day as this. Does not this room look cosy and snug with its nice warm fire ? I will get some wood and pile it up upon the top of the coal ; I do like to keep up a good fire on a wet day. I will draw for an hour, and you, Anna, can read my new book if you like ;

I want to copy the ship papa drew for me a week ago ; I will give mine to Alec to hang up in his room. Oh ! I have made such a blot on my card. What a pity ! it will not do now for me to draw on. I will cut off this part with the blot, and the rest may do for you to use. Did you darn the hole in the sock Miss Dods gave you to do ? Yes, Emma ; I did it at the time. Miss Dods says I am not to put any sock away with a hole in it, as it is not tidy or fit to be worn ; but that I must mend it, then fold it, and put it away with the rest. It is a good rule to mend any hole or rent as soon as ever we find one ; it does look so bad to see a torn gown, boot, or sock. This is a very wet day, and but few go out if they can stay at home ; but some lady may call, and if so, you, dear Owen, are far from neat, and will have to rush out of the room to comb your hair and make it tidy. Do go at once, so that you may not have to quit the room, as Mrs. Dart may come in on her way home.

See, my dear boy, you trod on the paw of my poor dog Tiny ; he can not tell you how much you have hurt him, as he is dumb. I fear he will limp for some time, as the heel of your shoe hurt one of his toes. I did not mean to do it, papa. I wish I had not done so. Tiny is such a mite of a dog, he gets in the way, and one does not see him. My nose bled just now, and I ran past you very fast, on my way to my room to try and stop it,

and Tiny got into my path. Come, poor dog, jump upon my knee; you wag your tail to show how glad you are to come to me. Puss! puss! you come here, too; come and talk to Tiny. How loud you purr. Oh, papa! I do love dumb pets so much; I am so fond of my swan and dove, and my cock and hen know me so well, papa. When I go to the yard to feed them, they run to meet me. The cock is of some use to cook and Ann; they wake up at five each day, as they hear him crow, and then they know it is high time to get up. Papa, I want one more pet, and that is a hawk. I saw a nest of them up in the lime tree on the lawn, one had a leaf in its bill. May I take one, and put it in a cage, and try to tame it? Very well, my dear, but pray take care of it, and do not omit to give it its food, or it may die. Many a boy and girl kill poor pets in this way, and have been very sad when they have gone to them, and seen that they were dead, for then they knew they had come too late to feed them; but this I hope will not be the case with you, as you were ever most kind and good to your poor dumb pets.

Joan Read went out to tea one day; she was very glad to go, as she had to wear her new hat, and muff, and her blue silk sash. She was so vain of them all, and yet took no care of them; for when she had been an hour at play, she had bent the brim of her hat very much, her nice sash was torn

off, and fell on a heap of mud, and she had lost her fur muff. The girl with whom she had come to take tea, lent her her doll to play with. "Here is my doll" she said "will you give her a kiss? see how rosy her face is, and what nice blue eyes she has, and she can open and shut them; do keep her in your arms, and play with her, dear." The name of this girl was Rose; she was very meek and mild, not wild and rude, as Joan was, but kind, and wise for her age. She had some new toys her aunt gave her; I will tell you what they were. She had a game; the name of it was the "Race Game;" a tin pump, a cart, with a pony in it, for her doll; a boat with a mast in it; a lamb with wool on its back; a dish, and a tray, also for the doll; and a nice desk with ink and pens in it for her to use. She took all her toys to Joan, and said, "Pray do not hurt them, as my dear aunt gave them to me." Alas! Joan did not care for that; she soon took the pony out of the cart, and the mast out of the boat; she let the dish fall from her hand; and did so much harm, that poor Rose was glad when the time came for her to go home. When they were at tea Joan took all the best part of the tart: but I can not tell you even if I had time, how pert and rude Joan was. I am sure I hope I may not meet many like her, for it is very sad to see a girl so full of what is bad; envy and many such sins; and so free from all that is good.

“Oh ! what a cold day this is, with its east wind. I have just come in from my walk ; the road is a mass of ice, and the snow is firm and hard ; it will not thaw to day. Hugh and Paul were with me ; they had a race on the ice in the pond near the mill ; Hugh won the race, as Paul fell down.”

“Was he hurt ?” “Yes ; I fear he gave his head a blow, as he has a bump on it. We met Adam Gage in the Park ; he said he was in want of some milk for his baby, as both she and his wife are very sick ; his Wife has ague, and is not able to rise ; and the babe has a rash out all over her body, but they do not know yet what it is : the poor man can not earn a coin just now to buy food with, as he is out of work. The Earl sent him help last year ; but now that he has gone to Ryde, they have no one else to turn to, so came to beg some milk from us. Will you get some, and put it in this bowl ? You can fill it, and then go and ask cook to give you a loaf, and the cold beef, as meat will do all of them good ; the girl has had none, nor any full meal, for a long time, and she does grow very fast, she must need good food ; she is but half clad also, and has such a torn cape to put over her, when she goes out. I hear that she can make lace, and knit, and darn, and her work is very neat ; so we will give her some wool to make a tidy for the new sofa ; and when that is done, we may be able to find some more work for her. In the mean time we can go

and see what they want most ; I dare say fuel for the fire, and some sago and meat to make soup, will be of use ; also we can help them to pay the rent on Lady Day ; we will set off at once, as they live some way from the Park gate, and it soon gets dusk."

Rosa Gill was not at all a good girl ; she did not like to obey her aunt, and used to take a long time to do what she was told. The fact is, she was more fond of her own self than of any one else. She used to read the holy word of God, but took no heed to it ; to her it was a slow, dull book. She did not seek to know God's will from it, nor how to walk in the path of duty ; so the evil in her grew more and more as time went on. One day her aunt left on a dish a fine ripe pear, and a fine, but very acid plum ; she told Rosa not to eat or take them, as she had a wish to show them to a lady who was to call that day. She then went out for a walk ; and as soon as Rosa saw she was gone, she ate up both the pear and the plum. The plum was far from ripe, and so acid it made her ill, and she had to go to bed, and take a pill. When her aunt came home, she was very sad to find that Rosa had done what she bade her not to do. "As you have made up your mind not to obey me," she said to Rosa, "I can not take you to hear the band play next week ; nor can I let you go on the lake any more with Luke till you mend your ways. What will be your fate if

you do not try to obey, and to be less rude? Only just now you flew into a sad rage when I sent you to your room; it gave me a pang of keen pain to see you so full of sin. If you go on so, and are deaf to all I say, and shut your ears and eyes to what is your real duty, I do not know what sort of girl you will be when you grow up, but I fear a very bad one. We hope that not many such as Rosa will read this book; but, in case some may do so, we beg them to pray the Lord to help them to hate and turn from sin and the evil one; for if we do not seek God's aid, we are sure to fall.

Common Words of five Letters to be known at sight.

Again	Among	Being	Could
Mamma	Never	Ought	Quite
Shall	Thank	Their	There
These	Those	Where	Which
While	Whose	Would	

The same without Capitals.

again	among	being	could
mamma	never	ought	quite
shall	thank	their	there
these	those	where	which
while	whose	would	

Other Words of five Letters.

Abate	Abbey	Abbot	Abhor
Abide	Abode	About	Above
Abuse	Acorn	Actor	Acute
Admit	Adopt	Adorn	After
Agate	Agony	Agree	Ahead
Alarm	Album	Alert	Alike
Alive	Allay	Alley	Allow
Alone	Along	Aloud	Altar
Alter	Amend	Amiss	Ample
Amplify	Amuse	Angel	Anger
Angle	Angry	Ankle	Annoy
Apart	April	Apron	Apple
Apply	Argue	Arise	Arose
Arrow	Aside	Aspen	Atlas
Atone	Attic	Avail	Avert
Avoid	Awake	Await	Awful
Awoke	Bacon	Badly	Baker
Barge	Baron	Basin	Bason
Bathe	Bazar	Beach	Beard
Beast	Began	Begin	Begun
Below	Bench	Berry	Bible
Birth	Black	Blade	Blame
Blank	Blast	Blaze	Bleak
Bleat	Bleed	Bless	Blest
Blind	Bliss	Blood	Bloom
Blunt	Blush	Board	Boast
Booth	Borne	Bosom	Bough
Bound	Bower	Boxer	Braid

Brass	Brave	Brawl	Brawn
Bread	Break	Brick	Bride
Brief	Brier	Bring	Brink
Brisk	Broad	Broke	Brook
Broom	Broth	Brown	Brunt
Brush	Bugle	Build	Built
Bulky	Bunch	Burnt	Burst
Cabin	Cable	Camel	Caper
Carry	Carve	Catch	Cause
Cease	Cedar	Chafe	Chaff
Chain	Chair	Charm	Cheap
Cheat	Cheek	Cheer	Chest
Chief	Child	Chill	China
Choke	Chose	Churn	Cider
Cigar	Civil	Claim	Clasp
Class	Clean	Clear	Clerk
Cliff	Climb	Clime	Cling
Cloak	Clock	Close	Cloth
Cloud	Clung	Coach	Coast
Color	Comer	Coral	Couch
Cough	Count	Court	Cover
Covet	Crack	Cramp	Crawl
Crazy	Creak	Cream	Creek
Creep	Crept	Cress	Crest
Crime	Crisp	Cross	Croup
Crowd	Crown	Cruel	Crumb
Crush	Crust	Curly	Curry
Daily	Dairy	Daisy	Dance
Death	Decay	Delay	Dense
Depth	Devil	Diary	Dingy

Dirty	Ditch	Dizzy	Doing
Doubt	Draft	Drake	Drank
Drawl	Drawn	Dread	Dream
Dress	Drink	Drive	Droll
Droop	Drove	Drown	Drunk
Dunce	Dusty	Dutch	Dwarf
Dwell	Dwelt	Dying	Eager
Eagle	Early	Earth	Eaten
Ebony	Eight	Elate	Elbow
Elder	Empty	Enemy	Enjoy
Enter	Entry	Equal	Error
Event	Every	Exact	Exert
Exist	Extra	Fable	Faded
Faint	Fairy	Faith	False
Fancy	Fatal	Fated	Fault
Favor	Feast	Ferry	Fetch
Fever	Field	Fifth	Fifty
Fight	Final	Finer	First
Flake	Flame	Flare	Flash
Fleet	Flesh	Flint	Float
Flock	Flood	Floor	Flour
Flown	Flute	Foggy	Folly
Force	Forth	Forty	Found
Fount	Frail	Frame	Frank
Freak	Fresh	Frill	Frisk
Frizz	Frock	Front	Frost
Froth	Frown	Froze	Fruit
Fully	Funny	Gauze	Geese
Ghost	Giant	Gipsy	Given
Giver	Glare	Glass	Gleam

Globe	Gloom	Glory	Gloss
Godly	Going	Goose	Gouty
Grace	Grain	Grand	Grant
Grape	Grasp	Grass	Grate
Grave	Gravy	Graze	Great
Greek	Green	Grief	Grill
Grimy	Groan	Groom	Group
Grove	Growl	Grown	Gruel
Gruff	Guard	Guess	Guest
Guide	Guilt	Gusty	Habit
Hairy	Halve	Handy	Happy
Hardy	Harsh	Haste	Hasty
Haven	Heard	Heart	Heath
Heavy	Hedge	Hilly	Hinge
Honey	Honor	Horse	Hotel
Hound	House	Hovel	Hover
Human	Hurry	Husky	Idiot
Idler	Image	Irish	Itchy
Ivied	Ivory	Japan	Jelly
Jewel	Joint	Jolly	Judge
Juice	Juicy	Knave	Kneel
Knell	Knife	Knock	Known
Labor	Laden	Ladle	Larch
Later	Latin	Laugh	Leafy
Leaky	Learn	Least	Leave
Leech	Lemon	Leper	Light
Lilac	Linen	Liver	Livid
Lodge	Lofty	Loose	Loser
Lover	Lower	Lowly	Lucky
Lunch	Lungs	Lying	Madam

Magic	Maize	Major	Maker
Mango	Manor	March	Marry
Marsh	Match	Mauve	Means
Melon	Mercy	Merry	Metal
Midst	Might	Milky	Mince
Miser	Moist	Money	Month
Mourn	Mouse	Mouth	Muddy
Music	Musty	Naked	Nasty
Needy	Negro	Niece	Night
Noble	Nobly	Noise	Noisy
North	Noted	Nurse	Ocean
Oddly	Offer	Often	Olden
Older	Onion	Order	Organ
Other	Outer	Owing	Owner
Paint	Paper	Party	Paste
Patch	Peace	Peach	Pearl
Pedal	Pence	Penny	Piece
Piety	Pinch	Pious	Pitch
Place	Plaid	Plain	Plait
Plant	Plate	Plead	Plume
Plump	Poach	Point	Poker
Porch	Pound	Power	Price
Prick	Pride	Print	Prize
Prone	Proof	Proud	Prove
Prune	Psalm	Pulse	Punch
Pupil	Puppy	Purse	Quart
Queen	Queer	Quick	Quiet
Quill	Quilt	Quire	Rainy
Raise	Rapid	Razor	Reach
Ready	Rebel	Refer	Reign

Relic	Repay	Reply	Rider
Ridge	Rifle	Right	Risen
Riser	River	Roast	Robin
Rocky	Rogue	Roman	Roomy
Rough	Round	Royal	Ruddy
Rusty	Sadly	Salad	Satan
Satin	Sauce	Saucy	Saved
Scald	Scarf	Scene	Scent
Scoff	Scold	Scorn	Scour
Scrap	Screw	Scrub	Scull
Seize	Sense	Serve	Seven
Shade	Shady	Shake	Shaky
Shame	Shape	Share	Shark
Sharp	Shame	Shawl	Shear
Sheep	Sheer	Sheet	Shelf
Shell	Shift	Shine	Shiny
Shirt	Shock	Shone	Shook
Shoot	Shore	Short	Shown
Showy	Shrub	Sight	Silly
Since	Sixth	Sixty	Skate
Skein	Skiff	Slang	Slate
Slave	Sleep	Slept	Slice
Slide	Sling	Slope	Small
Smart	Smash	Smear	Smell
Smile	Smith	Smoke	Smoky
Snail	Snake	Snare	Sneer
Sniff	Snipe	Snore	Snowy
Sober	Solid	Sorry	Sound
South	Sower	Spade	Spare
Spark	Speak	Spear	Speed

Spell	Spend	Spent	Spire
Spite	Split	Spoil	Spoke
Spoon	Sport	Spout	Spurn
Stack	Staff	Stand	Stain
Stair	Stall	Stamp	Stand
Stare	Start	State	Steal
Steam	Steed	Steel	Steep
Stick	Stiff	Stile	Still
Sting	Stock	Stole	Stone
Stony	Stood	Stool	Stoop
Store	Storm	Story	Stout
Straw	Stray	Strip	Study
Style	Sugar	Sulky	Sunny
Surer	Surge	Swear	Sweep
Sweet	Swell	Swing	Swoon
Sword	Swore	Sworn	Swung
Table	Taken	Taper	Taste
Teach	Tease	Teeth	Tempt
Tenth	Theft	Theme	Thick
Thief	Thing	Think	Third
Thorn	Three	Threw	Throb
Throw	Thumb	Thump	Tiger
Tight	Timid	Tinge	Title
Toast	Tongs	Tooth	Torch
Total	Touch	Towel	Tract
Trade	Train	Trash	Tread
Treat	Tress	Trial	Tribe
Tried	Trick	Troop	Trout
Truly	Trunk	Trust	Truth
Tulip	Tutor	Twice	Twine

Twist	Unbar	Uncle	Unfit
Unite	Unity	Until	Upper
Upset	Usual	Usury	Valor
Value	Vault	Verse	Vicar
Villa	Viper	Visit	Vital
Vixen	Vocal	Voice	Vowel
Wafer	Wages	Wagon	Waist
Waltz	Waste	Watch	Water
Waver	Waxen	Weary	Weedy
Weeds	Weigh	Welsh	Whale
Wheat	Wheel	Whine	White
Whole	Widen	Width	Widow
Windy	Witch	Woful	Woman
World	Worry	Worse	Worst
Worth	Wound	Woven	Wrath
Wreck	Wrist	Write	Wrong
Wrote	Wroth	Yacht	Yearn
Yield	Young	Youth	Zebra

Stories in words not exceeding five letters.

EMILY PRICE.

Emily Price was the only child of a widow lady, who lived in a small house near Hull. She was by far the best child of her age I ever knew ; and I may as well tell you about her, so that you may try, with God's help, to walk in her steps. To begin with ; she had been early shewn that the only way to be truly happy is to love and fear God.

Emily felt that she could trust in the Lord at all times; so her heart was never cast down, as it would have been, had this not been the case; for she could take all her cares to One whose grace could and did help her to bear them. When she did or said a wrong thing, which was not very often, I am glad to say, she would run to her room and kneel down and pray God to wash away her fault in his dear Son's blood, and for help to keep her from sin. Emily was a very quick girl; it was nice to have to teach her, for she tried so hard to learn; and in a short time, she could read, write, draw, and play the piano very well for a child of her age. I never saw Emily idle; her mamma told her one day, that to be idle was to fall into one of the best traps of the Devil; so, from year to year, she bore these words in mind, and tried to keep out of a snare so easy to avoid; she not only did not waste her time; but she spent it in acts of mercy and love; in being of use to her dear mamma; to her old uncle, who lived two miles off; and to the poor, whom she used to visit every week or ten days. Emily made a warm pair of cuffs for her kind uncle Rance; and a nice table mat for her mamma; but what she liked best to do, as she knew it was of most use, was to make a frock and a warm cloak every year for a poor child who lived in a dark lane in Hull. She loved to go and read the Bible to the sick, and she often had to climb very high to reach their rooms; all this used to tire her a great deal

at times ; but she would say, " I do not mind being tired as long as I can feel I am doing good. " The room where the poor child lived, for whom she made the cloak, frock, &c., was very dingy and she would think what she could do to make it look nicer ; but the walls were so black with smoke, and the table, the one chair, and the stool were so thick with dust, she did not know how to begin. Emily once came to stay with me two or three weeks when I lived in Devon, and I did all I could to amuse her, and make her enjoy her visit ; we had some long walks while she was with me, and we drove to Dick's Cove : we spent three nice hours on the beach, and found one very fine shell, and a great many small ones : these Emily took home to the poor child I named just now, as she knew she had no toys to play with, and would value these very much. You see, my dears, Emily felt it was much nicer to give them away, and thus deny self, than to keep them, and so miss being able to make the child happy. Emily was very fond of music, and she sang me such nice hymns ; her voice was so sweet ; I wish you could have heard it. I gave her a large wax doll on new year's day ; it was just like a baby ; she used to nurse it, and rock it to sleep in the most staid way ; she made for it a robe, and a long cloak, and a white satin hood ; and I gave her a lace veil, to put over the doll's face when she took it out. My maid made it a pair of socks ; and

every night the robe and socks were taken off, and the doll was put to bed in the room where Emily slept. I was quite sorry to lose her when she went home ; and I of ten think of, and wish for, the dear child ; but I shall never see her more on this earth, as she is gone to be with Jesus. No doubt you would like to hear how it was she died. It was about a year after she came to stay with me, she took a kind of low fever which was going about at that time, and soon sank under it, for she was a frail weak child. She had to bear much pain while she was ill ; but her soul was full of sweet peace, and joy in the Lord she loved so well ; when I went to see her, I found her lying on a sofa ; she had asked to be taken out of bed, as she felt so tired of it. She told me she knew the Lord had found her long ago, and now she was sure he would be with her to the end, and be quite as near, if not more so, when death came. It was soon after this that Emily left us for her home above. The grief of her poor mamma was great, truly did she mourn her child ; yet, she said, she was able to thank God for her Emily, now she could pray for her no more, for she knew her dear one was out of pain, and at peace for ever with the Lord ; and she could not find it in her heart to wish her back in this world of grief and trial. I trust all of you who read this story will try to be like this dear child, Emily Price.

A LIFE SAVED.

“Mr. Bayne says we may go and slide, Harry ; so come along as quick as you can. We have more than an hour to spare, and can have rare fun to-day, as the ice is as hard as stone.” “Very well, but why not let us skate on the river?” “Oh ! no, it is too far off for us to go there to-day, Mr. Bayne said we must be back by three.”

The boys who spoke were the sons of Major Piper : he was far away in India, at Dacca ; when he went out last, he had left them under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Bayne. You may fancy how sorry they were to lose their papa ! Many were the tears shed by them both ; but his leave was up, and duty took him back with a sad heart to his home in the East. His dear wife had died some three years after his twin sons were born, so they knew no one half as dear to them as their papa. Every mail day they wrote to him ; they told him all the books they had read, the boys they had slid with, the falls they had had, and, in short, all that they had done, said, and felt. Very often, when out, two other boys, Frank Marsh and James Blair, used to join them. On the day I write about, these two boys met them close to the pond where they were going to slide.

“Now,” said Frank, “I shall slide first.” “No,” said Harry, “you are not so old as James, so he ought to begin, as you know that is our rule.” “I

don't care about rules, I shall slide first." So off went Frank, full of self, rude and rough as he ever was. In the mean time, while they were on their way to the pond, the sun had come out, and a rapid thaw had begun; the ice was still hard and firm as far as they could see; but while Frank slid past the spot where they stood, a loud crack was heard, and with a cry he fell into the water: at that part it was deep, and he sank under the ice. Harry had a piece of rope in his hand, and as soon as he saw what had taken place, he threw one end of it to the spot where poor Frank had sunk; so when Frank rose, he took hold of the rope, and the boys at once began to drag him out of the water: had he been left long in it, he would soon have got cramp; as the water, being so cold, would have made his limbs quite stiff. It was a great mercy that Harry had the piece of rope with him; he had found it at the door of the coach house, as he was on his way out to the pond; and the idea came into his head that he might as well pick it up, for it was sure to be of use some day or other. He did not know how soon it would be used as the means to save a life! "Oh Frank!" said Percy Piper, "I am so glad you are safe! but for the mercy of God you would have been dead by this time; for none of us could have saved you if Harry had not found that rope; for you see how the ice has given way; it has begun to float about in every part; and had any of us tried to walk on it to reach you, we would no

doubt have sunk in the water as you did." "Yes, Percy, what you say is quite true," said Frank, "I must and do thank God for this with my whole heart; for you can not think what an awful thing it was to me to feel I was so near death. I knew I was not fit to meet God, and as I sank under the ice, all my early and later sins, even my sin and folly when I said I did not care for rules, and my going on the ice first when it was not my turn, all were like a dark cloud over my soul, and a crowd of dread fears came into my heart. The agony of guilt was such as I trust I never shall feel again. Oh, boys, I have had a sad shock! the depth of the pool is great where I fell in, and I never could learn to swim. Papa often tried to teach me, but all in vain; so if Harry had not come to my aid, I must have been lost. I am sure I shall ever feel this was sent to warn me to flee from the wrath to come, and I will not delay any more to seek that peace which, dear mamma says, will take away all fear of death—peace such as she feels, for, she says, being sure of an entry into the home above to dwell with the Lord for ever, must make one happy; and, until now, I have never cared one bit for all she has tried to teach me; but just now, when in the water, it all came into my mind, and I will, with God's help, never again go back to my old bad ways and sins." Harry and Percy were very glad when they heard this, for they were pious boys, and they had often said how glad they would be if they

could make Frank love the Bible as they did. To them it was the best of books, and we must hope Frank found it so too. I think he did, as from the day Harry saved his life, he clung with real love to him, tried to do right in many ways, and was as meek as he used to be proud. I think from that day he had true faith in and love to the Giver of all good. We may hope that a life saved thus was, in truth, a soul saved.

THE QUEEN OF THE DAY.

“Now, my dears, come to me; this day is, as you all, I think, knew, the day on which Ellen Cole was born eight years ago, and we must do our best to amuse and make her very happy. She is to be Queen of the Day, and you must all treat her as such.” “Very well, mamma, we shall be proud to have her for our queen, and will kiss her hand, as all those do who go to Court. But, mamma, you said we were to give her some nice gifts; do let us see them now, if we may, we long to see what they are like.” “Very well, dears, get them out of that green box.” “See! here is a doll; its dress is very nice, is it not? That is for me to give her. Then here is an album from papa; a box of large and small beads from Agnes; a small comb, brush, and glass in a case from Henry; a gilt chain for a doll, with a watch at one end, from Bella; and a buff waist belt, with a cord round it,

for the new doll. Then here is a China slate for Edwin to give her; and a cold cream pot, from baby, to put on her table, in front of the glass. Do you think she will like all these?" "Oh, yes! dear mamma; and now may we put them all up in paper and write on them?" "Yes, do dears; here is the paper; now wrap it up and fold it so; that is right now; light this wax taper, and seal first this end, and then the other. That is the way you must pack up and seal all of them." "All are ready now, mamma." "What! Done so soon! You have not taken long; some are not quite as neat as they might be, but I dare say Ellen will not mind. Now call her, and tell her to come to my room. Make haste, do not delay."

While the happy child, Ellen Cole, opens and looks at her nice gifts, we must find time to tell you who she is. She is a niece of Mrs. Adams. Her papa and mamma are both dead, and she has come to live with her aunt. All the boys and girls in that happy home are very sorry for her, and do all they can to make her happy, and not let her think of her sad loss. Her grief at first was great, but now time has begun to heal the wound, and she loves her kind aunt most truly. Julia Adams and Ellen sleep and dress in the same room, and are very fond of each other. Julia is one year older than Ellen, but both girls fare alike in every way. This day, being a great day to them, they

are to have a feast, or, what they call "a doll's tea party." Mrs. Adams is on her way to her store room; she calls out, "Julia! Ellen! Agnes! and Bella! come to the store, and I will give you all you need for your feast." "Thank you, mamma," said Julia; "that will be nice." "Now let me see what I have for you all. To begin with, here are some nuts, some loaf sugar, and I fancy you will want some brown sugar also, and some lemon juice to make toffy with." "Here are a tray, and a plate to put the sugar on, aunt," said Ellen. "Very well, dear, take these plums and put them on the plate; the flour for the doll's cake I will put in a paper bag for you. Here is half a pot of peach jam; put it on the tray. You, Bella, may go and ask cook to give you the jelly; and there are also one or two jam puffs and some tart left, which you can have. Now, what more do you want that I can give you, my dears?" "We would very much like to have some cream, if you do not mind, dear mamma," said Agnes; "cream would be so nice with the tart." "Very well, my child; but there is not much to spare, so you must only have just a taste each."

You may fancy what fun these young girls had. They made their toffy first of all; Ellen put it on the fire to boil; and they all took it in turns to stir the toffy, so that it might not burn; then Ellen, as queen of the day, had to pour it out into

the dish to cool and get hard ; then Agnes got a knife, and cut it up. They spent a very happy day, I think, as they had a long drive, and dined late, with Mr. and Mrs. Adams, which, to them, was a great treat. They had some nice games,—snap, hide and seek, quiz, the giant and the dwarf, and blind man's buff. I wish you could have seen what a merry party they were. I never saw them laugh so much as they did that night. Mr. Adams did a new kind of trick to amuse them ; and they all tried to do it as he did ; and, in short, they had such fun, they did not want to go to bed at their usual time ; so Mrs. Adams said they might stay up two hours later, in honor of the day on which Ellen was born. It was a good thing for Ellen that she had so much love shewn her ; as, but for this, she would have felt her loss more than she did. How very sad it must be for those whose papa and mamma are dead, to have no one to be kind and good to them. All boys and girls who are not tried in this way, ought to thank God daily, that their dear papa and mamma are not taken from them. What can equal *their* love ? It is a mercy of which few of the young know the value ; it is one of God's best gifts ; and if any of you, my dears, who read this, have as yet not felt or known it to be so, I trust you will from this hour never omit to bless the Lord, at least once a day, for the happy home and kind papa and mamma he has given you.

FINE RIPE PEARS!

“Fine ripe pears! Fine ripe pears!!” cried a child named Alice Todd, as she paced up and down, doing her best to sell three pears, which she had tied up in her clean, but torn apron. Poor child! these nice pears had been given her by a kind woman who owned a fruit shop near the alley where Alice lived. She felt sorry for the child, as she saw her stand and watch with eager eyes the sale of the fine ripe pears and other sorts of fruit laid out on the stall. The woman felt sure the child would like to taste some of it. Her eyes would get fixed at times on the pears, and then she would turn away when she saw the woman look at her. At last Mrs. Grant, the owner of the shop, said, “Do you like fruit, my dear?” “Yes, ma’am, that I do; but I never get it, I don’t.” “Which fruit do you like the look of best, child?” Alice took a peep first at the plums, then at some nuts and figs; but she soon fixed her eyes again on the pears, and said shyly, “I think, ma’am, my mouth seems to water most when I look at the pears; they do look so good.” “Well, here! take these,” said the woman, as she took three large pears from the stall and put them into the girl’s hands; these are for you; it won’t hurt me to part with them, and I know what the Holy Bible says about the gift of a cup of cold water even; so take these, and I am sure you will enjoy them. You may fancy how

the poor child would have liked to eat them ! She who had not had any fruit but three or four times in her life ! It would in truth have been a rare treat ! “ I thank you, kind ma’am, from my heart,” she said. “ It is very kind of you to think of the wants of a poor child like me.” “ *To think these fine pears are mine ! !* ” she said as she moved away. She took up one in her left hand, and was just going to taste it, when she, in her sharp and quick way, put it back with the rest into her apron. She took off the apron, tied them up, and said out loud as she did so, “ I am so glad I did not take a bite at this one—it would have been of no use then. I will now try and sell these pears, and the money will buy some tea for uncle. I heard him say last night he would give a good deal for a cup of tea if he had it to give ; but that, being too ill to work, he had no money to get it ; and he was too bad to eat the brown bread we eat. Oh, dear ! how glad I am I did not eat the pear ! I did think to have eaten one, and taken the rest to uncle ; but I am sure he will like the tea best ; I know what price to ask for them too,” she said with great glee, as she took a skip and a jump for sheer joy ; “ I heard that lady ask the price of the pears ; it was two pence each ; and the lady said “ I fancy they will not be so dear in a few days.” Away went the child ; and she began to call out “ Pears ! Ripe pears ! ! Do you want any pears, Sir ? Do you want any pears, Ma’am ? ” She began to fancy no

one would buy ; when a lady, who was in front of her, took a step back and said, " Where are the pears you have for sale ? I do not see them. " " They are in my apron here, ma'am," said Alice. " Where did you get them, child ? I hope you did not steal them. " " Oh ! no, ma'am, they were given to me by a kind lady in that fruit shop up there ; do you see where I mean, ma'am ? " The lady did not reply, but went on at once to the shop. When she got there, she asked Mrs. Grant, the fruit woman, if what the girl had said was true. " Well now to be sure " said the woman, " I did not but think she would have eaten them ; she did seem to long for them so much : well I never ! what a queer girl ! " The lady soon went back to Alice, and asked the price of the pears ; and why she liked to sell them, when they had been given to her to eat. " My uncle is very poor, ma'am," she said, " his bit of tea is all done, and he is too ill to work, and has no money to buy more ; so I want to part with my pears to buy him some. If it's no harm, ma'am, I like best to do this ; for if I eat the pears, they will soon be gone, and they won't do uncle any good ; now, if I sell them for six pence, ma'am, I can buy some tea, and uncle can have a cup to night ; he will be so glad. " " Very well, child," said the lady ; " you have done quite right ; the joy you will feel will amply repay you for this good deed of yours ; so give me the pears. I will carry them in this bag, and here is half a crown

for you ; you shall come with me and spend it. Now what will you get ? ” No words can tell what the worth of that money was to poor Alice. She could not speak for joy at first. After a time she said, “ Oh, thank you, ma’am ! ” but her voice was low and husky, and her eyes swam with tears. “ Well, child,” said the lady ; “ do you know what you want to buy ? ” “ Would you be so good as to tell me what I ought to get, ma’am ? ” “ No, my dear ; you may get just what you like best.” Now, what do you think she chose ? She chose to buy with her half crown, half a pound of tea, a pound of gravy meat, and a slice or two of bacon, for her sick uncle. “ You know, ma’am,” she said, “ he is too sick to eat the brown bread and rough food we eat ; and this meat Betsy can boil down into good broth.” Away went the lady and child. The kind lady said she would help carry the tea and bacon to the place where the uncle lived. Now, I am sure you will be glad when I tell you what she did. Can you guess what it was ? No, I do not think you can. Well, the kind lady stood by the sick man, while the happy child told her tale, and laid her tea, bacon, and meat on the table. Then, when she crept away to tell the girl who lived next door about it, the lady took the pears out of her bag, and laid them on the table by the side of the tea. In came Alice, but she came to a dead stop when she saw the pears. The lady spoke first. “ You stare at the pears, my

dear ! did you think I was going to keep them ? No, I mean you to give two to your uncle ; and you must eat this one, as I wish you to do so." Here was a treat for poor Alice ! Never in her whole life had she been half as happy. After this day the kind lady often went to see her, and lent her some books to read, and gave her a new frock. The uncle had a good stock of tea and sugar sent him, and the lady gave him food such as a sick man ought to have, and it was not long ere he was well again, and able to work. One day, as Alice went past the fruit shop, Mrs. Grant came out, and told her to come in. She then asked Alice if she had sold the pears she gave her, and why she did not eat them. Alice told her all about it, and how kind the lady had been ; and ended her story with these words : " It was all your doing, ma'am." " How so ?" said the woman. " If you had not given me those nice pears, all this good would never have come to pass. I am sure, ma'am, the great and just God will never let you be the loser by that kind act of yours. If the Lord Jesus could speak about a cup of cold water being given, as you said when you gave me the pears, I am sure He will give you a great deal to repay you for so great a gift as those fine ripe pears. We often pray at home that the Lord will bless you, and I know He will, as He says so in His word. He says, too, ma'am, that ' those who have pity on the poor, lend to the Lord ; ' and I am sure you lent

a great deal then, if we can judge by the good you did us, kind ma'am." Many were the nice bits of fruit—now and then a peach and such like—that this good woman sent or gave to Alice after this day; and, in fact, she never did lose by these gifts. When Alice grew up she went to live with Mrs. Grant, and help her in the shop, which had also grown in size. She had had to move from her small house to a fine large shop, in the best part of the city; and her trade grew so large, and the sales were so rapid, that at last Mrs. Grant was quite rich, and she felt that truly she *had* been blest, from the hour she gave those fine ripe pears to Alice Todd.

HOW TO BE OF USE.

"Come here, Ruby dear! go and call Emma and Anna; I have some news to tell you all, which I think you will like to hear." These words were said in a low, sweet voice, by a tall and very fair lady, as she stood on the green and well kept lawn, in front of a red brick villa, built on the bank of the Avon, near Bath. Just at this part the river is not very broad, nor the water deep; and it is so clear that the bed, with many a nice shell and stone can be seen; also fish of all sizes, as they dart to and fro. It is a fair spot, this villa, with the river forty yards from the porch, and the lawn with its steep slope to the brink. The name given to the place by its first owner suits

it well—"Cedar Lodge." There are nine very fine cedar trees near the house; some at the back and sides, and two or three in the front. On the day I now write about, the sun is out, not a cloud can be seen in the blue sky: it seems so nice and warm after the cold, bleak, windy days of March. This being the first of April, all feel that the gloom of the dull, dark days is past and gone; and all agree that it is right to be out of doors as much as they can be; to walk, sit, and bask in the sun, and enjoy the long, light warm days, which, if they have not yet quite set in, will very soon do so. Mrs. Knox gave the order an hour ago to bring out a table and seats for all to take their lunch on the lawn. "It seems such a pity to go in on such a fine day as this is," she said, and Ruby, Emma, and Anna are full of glee at the idea. "I know, when I was young, to dine out of doors was to me the best treat I could have." But Mrs. Knox had some other news to tell them; and I dare say you would like to hear what it is she has to say." The girls all sat on the grass round their mamma, while she sat on a wire chair. "Oh! do not sit down on the grass," she said, "you might catch cold." They rose at once. With them it was a habit never to delay doing what they were told. To obey at once was the first thing they knew to be right; and it will be well if all the young who read this learn the same good rule. "Now I will tell you the piece of news I have for you. You

know Lady Ross came here to day. She says there is going to be a grand bazaar held in the Town Hall, in aid of the new Home for women, and she has asked me to take a stall, and to allow some of you to help me. Now this, I think, you will like very much; but some of you are too young to be of much use, I fear." "I can help you a good deal, dear mamma," cried Ruby, "and so can Emma; but Anna and the rest are, I fear, too small." "Anna may not be able to sell at the stall, but she shall help, if she likes, in other ways." "Oh! do tell me how, mamma," said the child. "Well, you may work a nice brush bag for me to sell, and you could dress a Dutch doll." "May I make a bead mat also, mamma?" "Do you mean like the one you made for Aunt Susan, Anna dear?" "Yes, mamma." "Very well, do dear; but you must take care to make it lie flat, or else it will not be fit to sell." "And may we work also?" said Ruby. "Yes, I shall be glad of as much as you can do in the time. The bazaar will be held this day seven weeks, which gives you ample time to get a good deal ready; but all of us must work at full speed, and do as much as we can. Ruby, you may make a wool work edge for a cloth table cover." "I will braid a chair seat like yours, mamma," said Emma; "and then I will net a mat, like the lamp mat in the study; but I must buy a new mesh first, as I broke mine last month. That will not take long

to make ; so after that, if I have time, I will knit a tidy." "And I," said Ruby, "will also try and make a tidy, so as to pair with yours, Emma ; it may not quite match, but I do not think any one will care for that ; it shall be broad and long, with a strip, first of green, then of mauve or lilac, then of black, then straw or gold color, and a strip of white or light shade of red would not look amiss. What will you work, mamma?" "I do not know quite yet, dear, what will be best to do ; but for one thing, I think a few yards of that Irish point lace would be of use, and would be sure to fetch a fair price."

You may fancy it was not long ere they were all hard at work ; not a spare hour did they waste ; they had such a wish to get on as fast as they could with their nice task. And now the day has come on which the bazaar is to take place. The girls are to put on each a new frock, and a straw hat with a plume in it. Now they are ready to start with their mamma ; and Anna, being too young to sell, is to sit by and watch them. Now we must take a peep at them, as they stand side by side, with their kind, fond mamma near them. Each child is so proud of her work, and well they may be, for it is very well done. A young man comes up to the stall to see what he would like to buy. Mrs. Knox shows him a diary ; this he does not care about ; then he takes up a box of pens and a case for cards ; these he puts down again ; then both Ruby and

Emma, each eager to sell her own work, put forth their hands—Ruby with the table cover in hers, and Emma with the chair seat she made. The young man, whose name is Mr. Drake, looks from one to the other, and a kind smile comes over his face. He sees at once how it is. The table cover, he feels sure, would just fit a small rose wood table he gave his young wife last week ; and, when he sees the look in Emma's face, which seems to plead with him for the sale of her work also, he soon makes up his mind to buy the chair seat as well. Oh ! what joy it was to them to count out the money, the price of the work of their own hands ! Anna saw from where she sat what had taken place ; and she asked her mamma if she might show the next comer her bead mat. Mrs. Knox gave her leave to do so ; and just after this in came a lady whom they knew. Anna held up the mat ; and when the lady heard who had made it, she at once paid down the money for it. And thus all three, Ruby, Emma, and Anna, were made very happy. In a short time after all their work was gone, and Mrs. Knox's stall was well nigh empty ; her dear girls were so glad they were able to help bring in so much money in aid of the fund which gave such snug, cosy homes, to so many poor, aged women. How often we could help the poor, and raise funds for their use, if we had a mind to do it. Be sure it is in our power, but we only need the will to set about it ; and if we ask, in faith, of One who will

show us the way and the means, I doubt not we shall be shown more ways than one ; and also how we may "work with our hands the thing which is good, so that we may have to give to him that needs." (See Eph. iv. 28.) That villa by the river side was a home of peace and love. Major Knox, as well as his good wife, loved God with all his heart. To both it was a great joy to teach their dear ones to love and serve Him too. Major Knox had left the army some years since, and now much of his time was spent in going among the poor. His chief work was in a large jail a few miles off ; there he sat by the hale and the sick ; he spoke to them about their souls, and the Lord who died for them ; he often read aloud the story of the "Thief on the Cross ;" and there were some who liked to hear it, and to whose ears it spoke sweet peace. Ruby, Emma, and Anna were so happy on the Bazaar day, when they found their work had sold, that they asked their mamma to allow them to begin to work again, and try to fill a box, which could be sent round for sale, and any funds they might raise in this way they would keep for the wants of the poor. It took them a long time to fill up, even a small box ; but when it was done, their happy pride was such as you can have no idea of till *you*, child as you are, try in like way to be of use. The Lord has blessed them in their labor of love, and great good have they been able to do ; and so, I am sure, will He bless

you, my dear, if you love the Lord Jesus, and try to help the poor for His sake. Ask your mamma to read these words to you, they are out of the Holy Word of God: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (Matt. xxv. 40.)

A SOUL SAVED.

Down in a dark alley in one of the worst parts of the large town of Leeds lived a poor boy named Paul Smith. He had no one to love him, or teach him to be good, as all those whose place it would have been to love and care for him had long since died, and left him alone in the world. The woman who took him, when a few hours old, from the arms of her who gave him birth, was kind to him while she lived; but when he was just eight years old, she died of a bad kind of fever, which raged among the poor in that part of the town, where the crowd of men, women, boys, and girls was so great that, when fever came into their midst, three or four in each house fell ill with it. Paul took it also, but it was God's will that the grave was not to claim him yet; so Paul got well again, and soon found, young as he was, that he must shift for his food as best he might. Very sad was he, poor child, and many were the tears he shed. The woman in whose house he dwelt soon told him to quit, as he had no money to pay the rent; so, with

all he had in the world tied up in an old cloth, he went out into the muddy alley to seek a home. He knew not to whom he could go nor where to turn; he slept that night with no roof over him, but out in the open air, on the step of a door near the place where he had lived. How he got on for days after this I am sure I do not know; it was a mercy he did not die from want. Now and then some kind soul gave him a penny, and then he would buy some bread; but at last he began to get very weak for want of food and rest. None gave to him; he had tried in vain to get any help. So when he found none would pity him, he did a very wrong thing—he stole a loaf of bread. He saw there was no one in the shop, and ran in and took the loaf. The baker just came out in time to catch him, and the child was sent to jail to atone for his crime. At first he felt glad to be there; it was so nice to be out of the cold, and to have food given him once more; but as weeks went by, he felt a wish to be free again to rove about. One day a kind lady came to see the jail, and with a face full of pity that one so young was there, she spoke to him. “How came you in here, my boy?” she said. “Oh, ma’am!” said he, “I stole a loaf of bread; I never stole until that day; and I would not have done it then, only I was badly in want of food. I had not had a thing to eat all day.” The lady then spoke in kind, soft words of pity, and made him tell all his sad story to her.

It wrung her heart, and the tears came into her eyes as she heard it. She asked him if he had ever heard of Jesus, or if he could read the Bible. "No, ma'am," he said, "I don't know that ever I heard of him but once, and that was when a woman who lived near us read out of a book to her son, who was ill with the fever, and I stood by the door, which was open; and from what I heard her read, I am sure Jesus must be very kind; Who is He, ma'am?" "My poor boy, He is the Holy Son of God, who came down to this earth to die for us—for you, that you might be saved. Do you know this Lord Jesus loves you, my boy?" "Loves *me*, ma'am!" "Yes; He loves you so much that he left His home above, and was made man, and died a most cruel death, so that you might be freed from the power of sin; and that when you die you may go to live with God, and not go to hell to live with the devil for ever and ever. Do you know the devil was very glad when he saw you steal that loaf? He was so glad he had made you sin; and it was grief to the Lord Jesus to see one for whom He had died do such a wrong deed." "Then He does not love me now, ma'am, does He, since I was so bad?" "Oh, yes, my dear! He loves you still; He sent me to tell you so. *He* knew that you had none to speak a kind word to you; *He* sees the grief of your young heart, and the daily trial you have to bear. He says in His Word—the Bible, the

book you heard read, you know, is His word—
‘Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.’ ”

“Rest! oh ma’am! I do want rest. What nice words! ‘Come to me,’ the words say. I don’t know how to go. I would go a great way, ma’am, to get rest; for I feel so weary, so tired of life, with its woes, and with no one to love and no one to care for me. I would like to die if I could get rest that way, ma’am.” “I will tell you, dear child, how to go to Jesus. After He died He was put into a grave hewn out of a rock; but after three days the Lord of glory arose from the dead, and was seen forty days on the earth, and then went back to his home above, where he is now at the right hand of God; and He stays there to plead for us, and to watch over us. We can not see Him now; but the Bible says we are to walk by faith, and not by sight. Does not your heart swell with joy when you hear such sweet words—solid, sober words of truth?”

“Yes, ma’am, I like to hear them right well; and will you ask Jesus to let me go to Him to get rest? It is quite worth my while to go ever so far to get it; and I don’t mind how long the way is, so that I get it in the end.” “Well, my dear boy, you will not have far to go. Come with me. Kneel down here. Now tell the Lord what you have told me, and ask Him to show you how to go to Him, and

get rest for your weary soul. You cannot see Jesus, but He is close to us, and sees you now; tell Him all you feel." Poor Paul knelt down with his head sunk on his bosom, and at first he did not seem able to speak. Then, after a while, in a low, timid, and shaky voice, he said, "Lord Jesus, hear what a poor boy has to say. I am a bad boy. I stole a loaf, and was put into jail for it; I often get angry, and since I have been here I use bad words, like the other boys, and I know that's wrong, as Mammy used to say it was. I am a very bad boy. I can't do right; but I am very weary of my ways, and my sins are heavy, and I feel very tired; do show me, Lord, how to come to get rest. The lady says you love me;" here he gave a deep sigh, and one by one the big tears fell on his hands. "If you love me, Lord, do give me rest; do let me love you; do send some help to a poor, bad boy like me." He could say no more; his sobs came thick and fast. The lady took him by the hand, and made him rise and sit by her on the bench. "Why do you cry?" she asked. "I cry to think how bad I am. I am so sorry I made the Lord Jesus sad when I took the loaf; it is so good of Him to love me; I will try and not make the devil glad again. If you were sent, ma'am, to tell me all this good news, and to make me so happy—for I never felt so happy in my life, ma'am—maybe you'll come again, and tell me more about the Lord. I feel as if it was all true what you have told me, and as if a heavy

load had been taken away from my heart. It went when I rose from my knees just now ; I hope it won't come again, ma'am. May I kneel down again when you are gone, and speak once more ? Maybe if I speak often to the Lord, He won't let the load come back, and will give me more rest, and then, ma'am, I shan't be let to swear, or be a thief, but I may be able to do right." It is easy to see that the grace of God had not come in vain to this sad young heart. It was the first day of a new life. The lady's brief visit was an event truly blest to him. He often told her in after years that she was like an angel of light that day, as she stood in that jail full of gloom, and spoke such sweet words of peace and rest to his soul. Many a day after this did she wend her way to the jail, and teach him about his Maker, and read to him again and again the sweet story of old—the story of the cross. Very soon he was able to say by heart more than one verse from the Bible ; and he could in a short time say two or three hymns. When he was let out of jail this kind lady took him to her own home, and took much pains to teach him to read, write, and do all that a boy of his age ought to do. She was a widow, and had no child of her own, and she had all along felt her heart yearn to this sad lone one ; so, as she was rich, and had no lack of means, she made up her mind to take the place of the poor woman whom Paul named "Mammy," who had died of fever, and adopt him, and make him her

heir. He had been left alone to fight his way, with none on earth to aid him. Yes ! there were none on earth, but there was One above, who loved this lost lamb, and would not let him stray long on the wild, bleak moor ; but soon led him, safe and sound, into the fold. Paul grew such a good lad, and was so full of deep piety, that the kind lady would look back to that day in the jail and thank God that He had sent her to give rest to the poor boy ; and when she grew old, this Paul Smith was her prop and stay. Thus did God in mercy cause each to walk hand in hand to that haven where all tears are wiped away, never to flow again, and where the weary are at rest.

HUGH LANG.

Among the fine old ruins of Rose Abbey was a happy band of boys and girls at play. It was a place they loved to visit. The abbey had been built on the top of a high cliff, below which is the sea ; and very grand does it look as wave after wave, with its white crest of foam, rolls with a dash and a roar over the rocks at the foot of the cliff. This abbey is a quiet spot ; all seems so still : only the surge of the sea is to be heard, and the wind as it moans among the ruins. Busy man is not near this scene ; there is no house for a mile or more from the place ; and as one sits there to enjoy the cool shade and peace of the spot, one can not but

think of the days when those halls, now in ruins, were full of men who lived and died in them, and whose bones rest under those old worn slabs, which bear about them many a green stain of age. To me a ruin is ever a sad sight; it seems to speak of decay and death; it makes me feel how short a time it will be ere I am in my grave, and out of sight and out of mind, like those who lived there once. What a mercy it is that we have a hope after death—the hope of being with the Lord for ever. It would be truly sad if this world were to be our final rest.

In Rose Abbey were a good many small rooms, said to have been the monks' cells; the best of which, not quite so small as the rest, was the abode of the abbot, or head of the abbey. A good many games of "Hide and Seek" did Hugh Lang play in those cells every week. When his hour for play came, he would run, with his tutor's leave, to the ruins to join Carry and Laura Jones, and Henry Wells, and other boys and girls. If he did not come they would not enjoy their play, they were all so fond of him. While he is on his way up to the abbey, we will just stop and hear what the rest say about him. "Oh, dear!" says Laura, "I do wish Hugh would make haste and come; I do not think it is any fun to play if he is not here." "Nor do I," said Henry. "Hugh is the best boy I ever knew at play; he is so fair, and never gets angry and rough as we do. Oh, let us wait for him;

he must be here soon." One boy—Tom Burne—who did not know Hugh as well as the rest, said, "I don't see why all of you must make such a fuss about Hugh, nor why the game is not just as good when he is not here." "Oh," said Carry, "you do not care for him as we all do; we know how noble and good he is. When he is here he will not allow any one to fight, and makes every one play fair; we never knew Hugh say a word that was not true, and we all honor and love him much."

Hugh's mamma was a lady of rank, and very rich; she had a fine place a mile from the abbey—Elm Park. Hugh's papa had also a large house in Kent, but as the air there did not agree with him as well as the park, he did not often stay there. All the poor for miles round knew and loved Hugh right well. There was no case of need he did not hear of, and do his best to ease. Many were the boxes of toys he would buy and take to any of the young who were ill, for he would say, "It must be hard to stay in the house all day, and not be able to run about." Poor boy, he did not know that a like sad trial was in store for him.

But to go on with my story. In spite of what was urged in favor of no delay until Hugh could come, none would play, till with a "How do you do to you all," he was in their midst. "I need not hurry back to-day," he said; "my tutor has let me off any more study, as I have got over my

Greek and Latin so well. Is not that jolly?" "Now mind, girls, you do not learn slang of Hugh," said Tom Burne, with a sneer and a laugh, "No young lady, you know, ought to say 'jolly,'" he added, with a sly look. They had been at play half an hour when it was Hugh's turn to hide, and away he ran. After a time they went to look for him, but could not find him; where he was they were quite at a loss to know or even guess. "Where can he be?" said Carry. "I hope no harm has come to him," said Laura. "I begin to dread that he has had a fall and got hurt in some way. Oh, do let us call to him, and go and try again to find him." Off they went to all parts of the ruin. Echo after echo rang with his name, "Hugh! Hugh!" No reply. At last they began to feel real alarm. They were sure he must be hurt in some way or other. It came into Tom's head that he might have tried to climb up a part of the ruin which he (Tom) had been told was not safe. He flew to the spot, and Laura after him. They call out as loud as they can, "Hugh! Hugh!" They stop—not a word do they speak, for fear they may lose the reply. None came. They wait; their dread grows as they stand there and look into the ruins, where they can see no sign of a human being. There are heaps of mud and stone, and long grass and weeds have grown over them; but that is all they can see. They call again, "Hugh!" and just as the echo dies away they

hear a low groan. They all rush to the spot, and there, half hid among the tall rank grass, lay poor Hugh! He was in a swoon. They spoke to him, but he did not hear. Tom ran to a brook which was close at hand, and using his straw cap as a basin, was soon again by Hugh's side; and as Laura, with an ashy pale face, knelt down and began to bathe his face with the water. At first there was no sign of life in him, so one of the boys ran as hard as he could to fetch help from the park. "Laura," said Henry, "I am sure he must be dying, he looks so ill." "Oh, no! I hope not, Henry. I think he is only in a faint; I have often seen aunt Sophy like this; but I do fear dear Hugh must be badly hurt. See, he opens his eyes!" They chafe his hands, which are cold and damp. Carry wipes his brow, which seems to have grown moist from pain. "Where are you hurt, dear Hugh?" says Henry. At first he could not reply; his lips moved, but no sound came from them. Then after a while he said, in a very weak voice, "My right arm, and my left leg." "How was it? Do tell us. Did you fall?" they all asked at once. "I went up there to the top of the wall just above; and as I ran along it to get a good view of you all, a part of the wall gave way, and down I came; and in the fall I broke my leg, and my arm and wrist have had a bad blow from a stone, which came with a bound down from the wall after I fell.

There it is ; it is not a large one ; but it has hurt me very much, and I fear I have cut my head ; just lift it and see." Laura did so, and there was a gash at the back of it, from which the blood did not cease to flow, so that the grass under his head had a deep red stain on it. " Oh dear," said Laura, " here is a gash ! It is odd we did not see it when we first found you ; but it's being so dark in this part of the ruins is the cause of our not being able to see it. Let me bind up your poor head ; I will not tie it too tight, nor pain you more than I can help, dear Hugh !" Just then four men came with a gate, and a bed on it. " Where is mamma ? " Hugh asked. " My lady is out ; she rode up to the Home Farm, sir," said one of the men, " but she has been sent for, also Mr. New, sir." They now began to lift him on to the gate. He gave a loud groan of agony, and then fell into a swoon, like the one in which he was when they first found him. Very great is the grief felt by that late happy, but now sad, band of boys and girls, as they walk, with slow steps, and eyes full of tears, by the side of the gate which bears the form of one who, but a short time ago, was the life and soul of the party, who had been their guide in every thing—the one ever eager to take the blame for any error or fault, so that the rest might not share it. There was not one who was not truly sorry for this sad event ; and I can leave you to fancy what his fond mamma must have felt. This was in truth a heavy cross for her to bear ;

but she was one who could say from her heart, "Thy will be done," and knew that He who sent the cross, would one day give the crown ; for never had a trial been sent, but grace to bear it came with it. For many days and weeks poor Hugh lay very ill ; in fact, he was at the point of death ; and while he was in this state not one of those who used to meet him in the abbey ruins, had the heart to play there. Very still did the place seem now ; and Laura, who loved Hugh most truly, would creep up alone to the ruins, and sit near the spot where they found him, and weep as if her heart would break. A dark cloud had come over her young life ; up to this time she had never known what it was to be even sad ; but now she felt as if she never could again be happy ; for then there was but a small hope that Hugh would live more than a few days. I doubt not you all wish to know if Hugh died. Well, my dears, I am glad to say it was God's will to raise him up, to the great joy of his poor mamma, and of all who knew him ; but it was a long time ere he could walk in the least ; and, alas ! he would never be able to run about, and play Hide and Seek, as he used to do, as he was famed for life. His great treat now was to be taken in the wheel chair to the ruins : and there he would stay and watch the rest at play. They never saw him pine or fret, so nobly did he bear his trial. A sunny smile lit up his face, as he sat under the ivied wall, and saw the other boys and girls enjoy their

games. After a time he was able to ride his grey pony, and drive about with his dear mamma, who was so glad to have him well again. And I am sure you are all glad to think such a nice boy as Hugh lived to grow up, and spend his life and his means for God and His work. Laura also lived to marry him, and to help him in this, and other good deeds. They were a happy pair, as their chief aim was to make every one else glad; and I am sure, dears, if you try this plan, you will find out that there is no surer way of being happy.

WIDOW GORE'S SON.

Widow Gore was a very poor, but good woman. She was so often ill, and laid up, that she could earn only a very small sum at a time. She used to go out to wash, iron, and scrub; but the work was too hard for so weak and frail a frame as hers, and it ever ended in her being laid by. She had a son who lived some miles off; and when his wife died, he came to stay with her; but, being a bad, idle man, he was the cause of much grief to her, and added fifty times to her wants and cares. After he had been a short time with the widow, he used to go out very often at night, and stay away for hours; her mind was very far from being easy or happy when she found out this fresh evil; she felt sure he went out for no good; but he never would tell her the truth as to where he went. He used to join a gang

of men to poach in Mr. Hume's woods. You may not know what the word "poach" means, my dears. I will tell you. To poach is to kill and steal game; that is, birds and hares, which are kept for the owner to shoot, or for any one he may allow to do so. More than once of late he had come home quite drunk, and had taken to his bed for two and three days after, doing no work; and hard did the poor widow find it, to get food for both of them. At times she was so badly off, she had no coals in the house to light a fire; and very cold did she find it, when there was a hard frost, to have to sit with no fire to warm her. She would go out, and pick up some bits of wood, and a stick or two, and light up a flame in the hope of being able to warm her poor hands, which were blue with cold; but the flame soon burnt out, and left her worse than ever. She used to go out to char at a lady's house in the town, two miles off; and this lady—Mrs. Lamb—tried her best to help her in many ways. Poor widow Gore's sight was so bad, she could not see to read well. The print of her large Bible was good, yet it tried her eyes to read it. So Mrs. Lamb often came to see her, and would take down the Bible from the shelf, and read aloud from its pages. They would also kneel down and pray for the bad son who spent his days in riot and sin, and was sure to be in some brawl or other. Very like a child was the widow in her trust and faith in God. She said one day to Mrs. Lamb, "I don't doubt no ways, ma'am,

but that God will bring my boy to know Him ; why, ma'am, He says, ' If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' Now, ma'am, mark you, He says (John xv. 7), '*what ye will*;' now I wish my son to be saved, and I know God would have him and all men to be saved, for He says so in His word, and I do want him to leave off his bad habit of going out by night, and not to swear nor drink any more. But, ma'am, I know it is only God's grace in the heart can bring this about ; and I pray so hard by night and day that He will hear my cry ; I may not live to see it, but I know it will take place some day or other ; and, oh ! if the Lord wills, may it be soon ! Satan often tries to cast me down ; he makes me think how many years it is since I first began to pray, and that my son grows worse and worse. ' I can't help that,' says I, in reply to Satan ; ' I dare say you are right, he does grow very bad ; but there will be all the more glory to God when such an one as he sees and knows the way, the truth, and the life at last.' So I pray on, ma'am, and I don't doubt." One night John Gore went out as usual ; it was half past ten when he left ; the widow had gone to bed, when she heard him creep along past her room down to the door. She hears him lift the latch. She sits up in bed to catch the sound. She rises and looks out ; all is pitch dark ; there is no moon, and only a few stars are dimly to be seen. She goes back to her bed, but not to sleep.

She prays that God will watch over her son, and bless him; and we shall very soon see that she was heard. It did not take John long to reach the wood; when, just as he was going to enter it, three men met him with guns in their hands; they were going again to poach, and risk their lives, and other men's lives also. This night was to be one of doom to some of them. They had fired two shots, when they were met by a body of men who had to look after the game; they could not avoid a fight, and in the fray, two of Mr. Hume's men were shot, and two of the men who came to poach died from blows on the head, one an hour after the fray, and the other five days after; the third man ran off, and got away into the wood, where he hid in the trees till it was safe for him to go home. And now you will ask, "How did John Gore fare?" Badly, and yet well. Badly, as he got a deep wound in his head, and broke his arm; and well, as this sad event—his being so ill, and the death of the men who went with him to steal the game in Mr. Hume's woods—were the means, in God's hands, of his being made to think over his past bad life; and when he lay so ill that there was but a faint hope that he ever would be able to rise from his bed again, a great dread came over him. He knew that no liar could go to be with God; and he felt, alas! that he was one. He knew how often he had been drunk, and how he had sworn, and taken God's name in vain. He felt what grief and pain he had given

those who loved him. Where would he go if he died? How he did wish he had led a good life, and, above all, that he had read his Bible, and found out the way to get peace in a dying hour! It did not take more than a few hours for the news of the fray to reach the kind lady, Mrs. Lamb. She went at once to see the widow, who met her, with tears in her eyes, at the door, and said, "Oh! ma'am, maybe you have heard how bad my poor son is?" "Yes, I heard it two hours ago, and came as soon as I could to see if I might not be able to help in some way; how is your son now? what does Mr. Fox say?" "He was here again just now, ma'am; and he said my poor boy was a shade worse than he was when he last saw him. He has lost so much blood, ma'am! he is as weak as a babe, and looks as white as a sheet; not a bit of color has he in his poor face; and Mr. Fox had to shave his head to dress his wound; and he does not look now like the same being he did. Oh! ma'am, what shall I do? He is like to die, and I dare not ask him to let me read the Bible to him, as he used to treat me with such scorn when I did so, and would scoff at the Holy Word of God, till I shook in my shoes to hear him; all I can do, ma'am, is to pray—pray that God will hear my cry now, and turn his heart, and make him seek peace at last." The lady then went up to see John Gore. She asked him how he felt; his reply was, that he was in acute pain, and that he did not think he would live long. She then spoke

of his soul ; she read a verse or two from the Bible, and soon after left the room. The next day she went again to visit him ; his voice was so husky, and low, she had to go close to him to hear what he said. Until this day he used to avoid Mrs. Lamb, and would look sulky at the sight of her. If she came in, he would rise and leave the room. Now, even if he had a wish to do so, he could not have risen to get out of her way. But, far from being sorry to see her, he was very glad when he heard she had come, and his face lit up with a smile when she came and began to talk to him ; he asked her to pray for him. She did so, and Widow Gore knelt by her side, with John's hand in hers ; and the thin hand was wet with tears when she rose. Day after day Mrs. Lamb went to see the poor man. He bore great agony of mind and body the first week he was ill. Much did she and the widow pray for him, and this was what he liked. " Pray that I may find peace," he would say, " I am in a lost state ; I am only fit for God to spurn me away in His just wrath." This frame of mind did not last long. God in mercy sent him peace. He was able to trust that, vile as he was, vile as the thief on the cross, he would be saved by the blood of Jesus ! Truly did he mourn over his sins, and thank God that he had not died in them. When once he had found peace, his faith did not waver, and his theme was, " Glory to God, for the mercy shown him." You see, my dears, Widow Gore did not pray in

vain ; God could and did grant her what she asked for. After a time John's wound began to heal, and the fever to abate ; and hope that he would live was felt by all. It was many weeks ere he was able to leave his room, and a long, weary time after that till he could work ; but when fit to do so, he was never again seen idle ; he was also known as a sober man ; he went among the men with whom he used to poach, and tried to make them give up their bad ways. Widow Gore had no cause to pinch and screw, as she used to do, so that she might live, and not die for want of food. Now she had a good fire in her grate every day, and a nice, clean, white table cover, to place on the neat deal table for meals. A faded easy chair, nice old couch, and a stool to match, were added to the warm, snug room ; her watch, which she had given in pawn when in great need, she soon had back again. She was now a happy woman ; her son did all he could to make up to her for the worry he had given her in years past. He truly did serve God with his whole heart and soul. The last I heard of him was that he did much good among men of his class, and was liked and loved by all.

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